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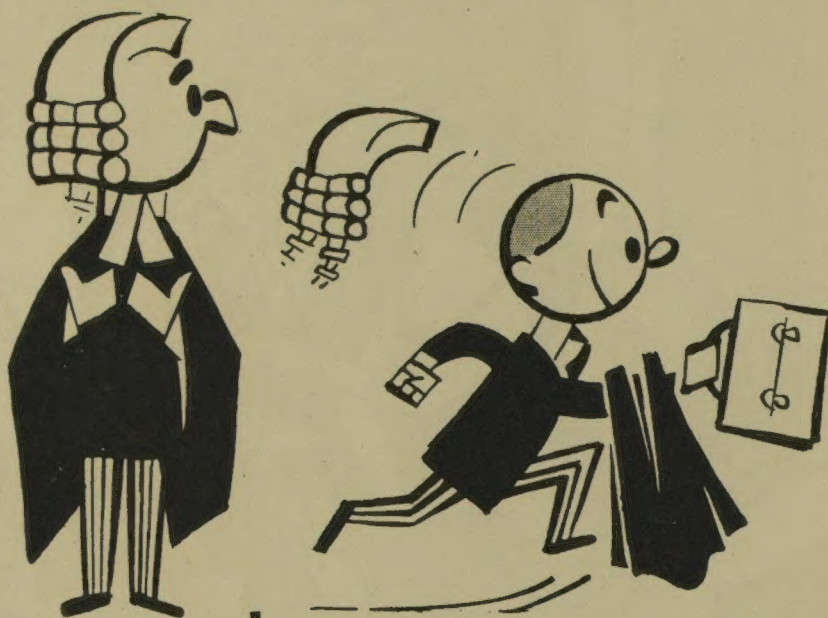
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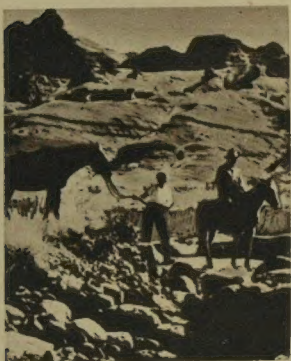
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NOVEMBER

The School Play

A PROFESSIONAL ACTOR, watching the parents take their seats, which are excessively hard, in the gymnasium, which is excessively cold, might well experience a sinking of the heart. This audience has not come to be purged by pity or by terror; this audience is incapable of rolling, however figuratively, in the aisles. Except for a sprinkling of new boys' mothers and the insufferable parents of the star performer, this audience knows what it is in for. The lights go out, one by one. The small but cumbrous curtains part jerkily, and the music-master, clad in a duffle-coat and partially asphyxiated, is revealed trying to abate the clouds of smoke pouring from the witches' cauldron. He stumbles off, and an outburst of coughing drowns the opening incantations of the Three Weird Sisters. Before the November afternoon is over, the feeling, common to most of the parents, that their offspring deserved a role more prominent than that allotted to him, has evaporated. Second Murderer was about his mark, after all. In sagging tights, a huge black wig and a dagger the size of a cutlass, Timothy never really gave the impression of being at home on the stage. A total lack of conviction marked the manner in which he piped his lines, whose delivery appeared to cause him acute embarrassment. "You were much the best, darling", his mother loyally tells him afterwards, tactfully suppressing the impulse to get to work with a moistened handkerchief on the deposits of burnt cork remaining in his eyebrows. His father asks him if he has been any good at football this term. "Thank Heavens", he says a little later in the car, "we haven't got to go through that again until next year".



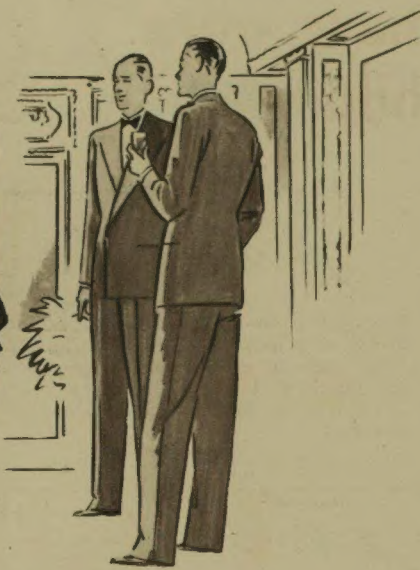
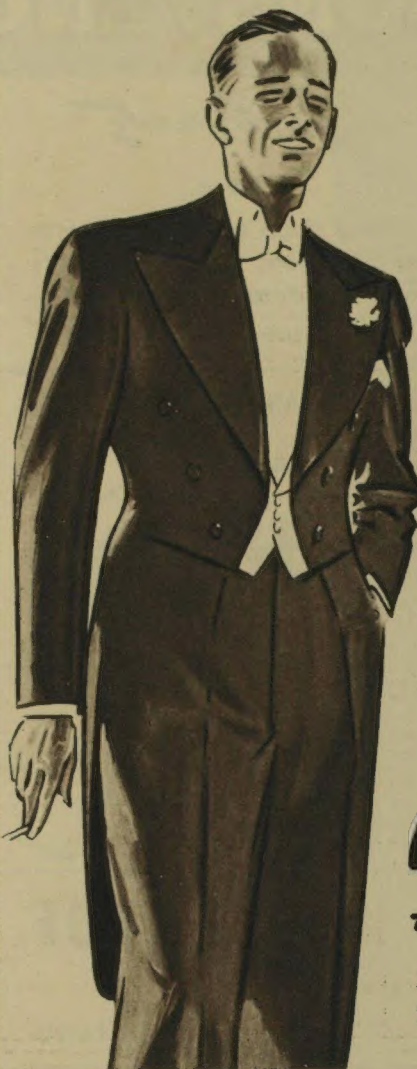
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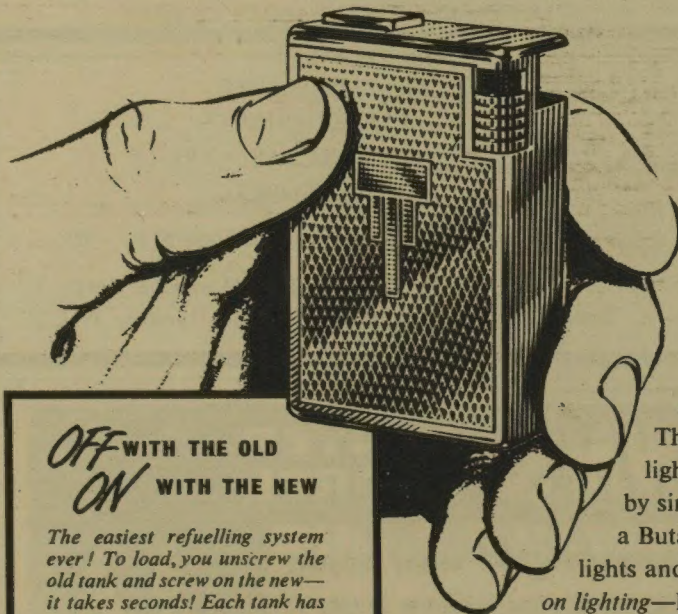
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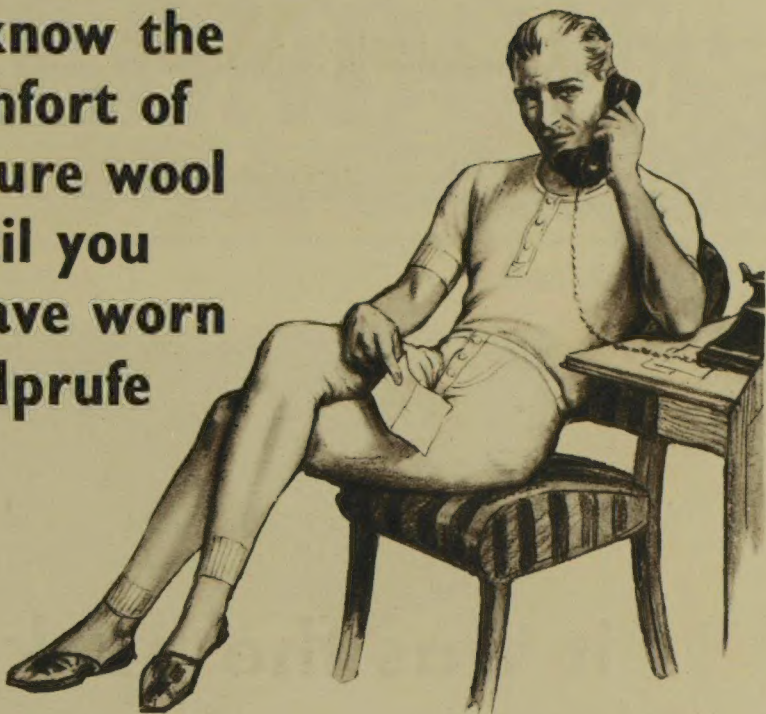
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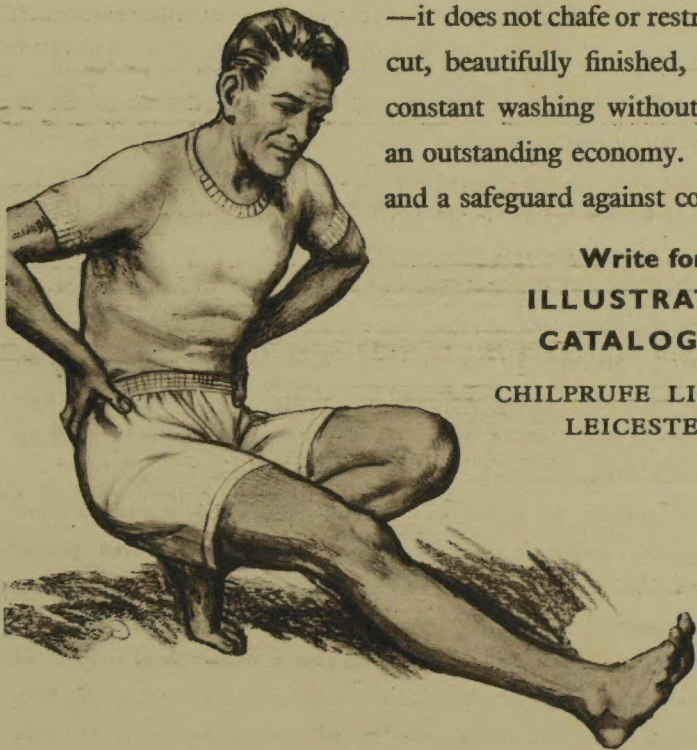
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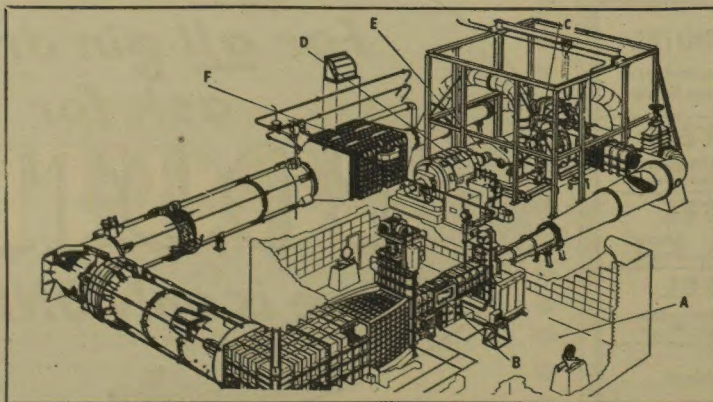
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1956.



HUNGARY IN REVOLUTION: RUSSIAN TANKS SWINGING INTO ACTION IN THE STREETS OF BUDAPEST IN THE FIRST STAGES OF THE VIOLENT AND GENERAL ANTI-RUSSIAN UPRISING.

The most remarkable features of Hungary's revolution against Russian domination were its speed and spontaneity. On October 23 there were widespread popular demonstrations—in the manner recently successful in Poland—calling for the reinstatement of the "Titoist" ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Nagy, the punishment of Mr. Rakosi and a number of other reforms headed by the withdrawal of Russian troops. The demonstrations became violent; and by October 24 Russian troops and units of the Hungarian forces and security police were struggling with the insurgents, especially in Budapest. Mr. Nagy was swept into power; and it appeared that he was accepting Russian

aid to restore order, but the changes sought by the insurgents were being granted. On October 26, the fighting still going on in many parts of the country, Mr. Nagy promised that Russian troops would be withdrawn by the end of the year. On October 28 Mr. Nagy promised the immediate withdrawal of Russian troops from Budapest under an agreement reached with the Russian C.-in-C., and according to Radio Budapest the withdrawal had already begun. He also promised that the Hungarian Secret State Police would be dissolved; and that troops had been ordered to stop firing unless attacked. Other photographs of the revolution appear on later pages.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHAT is happening in Poland is a portent. At the time of writing—by the time this page appears things may be different—the Poles are rejoicing because their Communist leaders, formerly, like all orthodox Communists, the slaves of Moscow, have defied the Russians, the hereditary enemies and despoilers of Poland. For, whatever their outward pretensions, most Poles feel about Russia as the Irish feel about England, only far more strongly, for whereas Ireland has at no time in her long, tragic history been a wholly united nation wholly independent of England, the memory of Poland's independent nationhood, without even counting the 1918-39 Republic, is comparatively fresh, dating back only to the end of the eighteenth century, while the English, for all their barbarities to the Irish in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have never applied torture and massacre to the Irish, as the Russians have done to the Poles, within the lifetimes of those who were still alive when men living to-day were born. Both Russians and English have been equally unsuccessful in concealing their contempt and impatience for the, as they conceive, tiresome and inefficient traits of their western neighbours, but the English have at least been amicably amused by the Irish and treated them, in however insulting a way, as agreeable and even lovable eccentrics. Very few Russians seem to have ever regarded Poles as lovable. Most Russians, ideological affinities notwithstanding, view them as enemies and, most illogically—though a subject of the Kingdom that hanged Casement and Joyce has, perhaps, no right to call it illogical—as traitors. After all, the Poles once ruled the Russians. The Irish never ruled the English.

Yet both Poles and Irish, however, by stiff Russian and English standards, feckless and disorderly, have a clear right to govern themselves, as the English thirty-four years ago at long last recognised. What is more, the Irish, contrary to all English expectation, have governed and are governing themselves remarkably well, as the Poles also did during the twenty years during which, owing to the temporary and simultaneous eclipse of both their former Russian and German oppressors, they enjoyed a brief twentieth-century independence according to the Wilsonian gospel. And now the Poles, whose national liberty we went to war to preserve in 1939 and to whose post-war right to freedom, in common with that of other nations, we and the United States so solemnly subscribed in the Atlantic Charter, are demanding liberty again. And naturally every Englishman and American hopes that they will get it. Though whether any Englishman or American would be prepared at the present time to stir a finger, let alone to risk personal extinction by atomic bombing in order to ensure real freedom to Poland is another matter altogether. Events now happening on the banks of the Vistula may soon provide the answer. The probability, I would hazard, is that if the Russian tanks follow the blood-stained road of the German tanks of a generation ago and teach the stubborn Poles what is called "a lesson," the West and the so-called "United Nations" will do little about it. In that case, not for the first time, peace will reign in Warsaw, peace, that is, of the Russian kind so familiar to Poles. Yet before it does so, if history repeats itself, the Polish people—Communist or non-Communist, and a Catholic Christian people can never be more than superficially Marxist—may well look, despite all their earlier experience of the folly of doing so, for deliverance from the West, just as in the bad old days, Ireland used to look, and equally in vain, for deliverance from the South.

O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,

My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give
you hope,
Shall give you health, and help,
and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen

Yet it may be that Russia, grown wiser like England, may now recognise the right of Poland to develop in her own way free from the administrative strait-jacket of the Kremlin. If the present rulers of Russia do so, they will have taken a great step forward on the road to world peace and liberal human evolution. It is not an easy step for Russia to take, for it must be remembered that geographically Poland presents the same strategic problem to her that Ireland presents to England. Ireland in the hands of a hostile naval Power could spell the end of England or Great Britain; Poland in the hands of a hostile military Power means and has repeatedly meant invasion and agony for Russia. The Polish plains to Holy—or Marxist—Russia are what the Western Approaches are to Britain. And those who rule a nation—a point too often forgotten by sheltered radical doctrinaires—owe a primary duty to the people whose trustees they are, to preserve their corporate existence. No high-sounding humanitarian principle can justify for such rulers in the eyes of their own people an act of national suicide. Remembering what has so often struck his country from the West, it is hard for any Russian to regard Polish independence with detachment.

Yet even nations—and all the great virtues of love of home and country

and ancestry and traditional virtues that go with nationhood—are only means to ends and not ends in themselves. A threat to his country's existence is not the greatest evil that can befall man, though it is one of the worst. There are times when the safety of one's country should be subordinated to that of other and higher aims, as that of Britain's was when in 1939 her rulers went to war and risked her extinction in order to save the threatened liberties of mankind. The problem of humanity to-day is to find a way in which local and racial—not to mention ideological—loyalties and ties can be retained and strengthened without damaging the common interests of the world as a whole. To achieve that, powerful nations have got, for their own people's sakes as well as that of others, to take certain risks and to act more generously and with more restraint than they have done in the past. Yet small nations, too, have got to play their part in this mutual furtherance of the common needs of mankind. So often it has happened that a small nation struggling to be free, or one that has successfully achieved its struggle, has proceeded to display towards some minority or neighbour the very chauvinism



TAKEN PRISONER IN ALGERIA: THE FIVE ALGERIAN REBEL LEADERS WHOSE CAPTURE RAISES SEVERAL IMPORTANT ISSUES.

On October 22 an aircraft carrying five important Algerian rebel leaders was intercepted by the French authorities in Algeria. It landed near Algiers and the rebels were then made prisoner. With them were captured important documents. Among the rebels was Ben Bella, on the extreme right above, who has been directing operations in Algeria from Cairo. There was jubilation in France over the capture, and in Tunisia and Morocco there were angry anti-French demonstrations, although little public reaction was reported from Algeria itself. The rebels were flying to an important conference in Tunis, which was to have been attended by the Prime Minister of Tunisia and by the Sultan of Morocco, who just previously had publicly welcomed the Algerian rebel leaders in Rabat. The Moroccan aircraft, which flew via Majorca to avoid Algerian territory, was diverted by its French pilot to Algiers. The incident is said to raise complicated questions of international law.

ism or imperialism of which it has complained in the course of its struggle. There are several examples of this in the contemporary scene: the attitude, for instance, of Egypt towards the international waterway that crosses the Egyptian desert, the expansionist imperialism of Greece in the eastern Mediterranean, the insistence by the Catholics of Eire that the Protestant community of Ulster should, contrary to the latter's profoundly felt and clearly expressed wishes, be forcibly incorporated in the Irish Free State. The last is a good illustration of the delicate balancing of legitimate rights and interests that is called for if the world is to be both a reasonably free and, therefore, diverse world and a peaceful one. It is natural that an Irishman, proud of his Irishry and Ireland's history, should want all geographical Ireland to be subject to a single and purely Irish authority. Yet it is equally natural that the people of Ulster, whose forbears have occupied the six counties for the past three centuries, should wish to adhere to the same faith, standards and loyalties to which they have so long adhered. Just as it was right—and wise—that Englishmen should recognise the right of Irishmen to govern themselves as they wished, so it is right—and wise—that Irishmen should themselves recognise the right of Ulstermen to do likewise so long as they cannot be peacefully persuaded to change their views. For it is in this process of effecting change by peaceful persuasion instead of by force that the path of wisdom and of mankind's interests to-day lie. And one hopes that what happens in Poland in the next few weeks may show that that course is being pursued, not only to the west of the Iron Curtain, but to the east of it also.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE REVOLUTION.

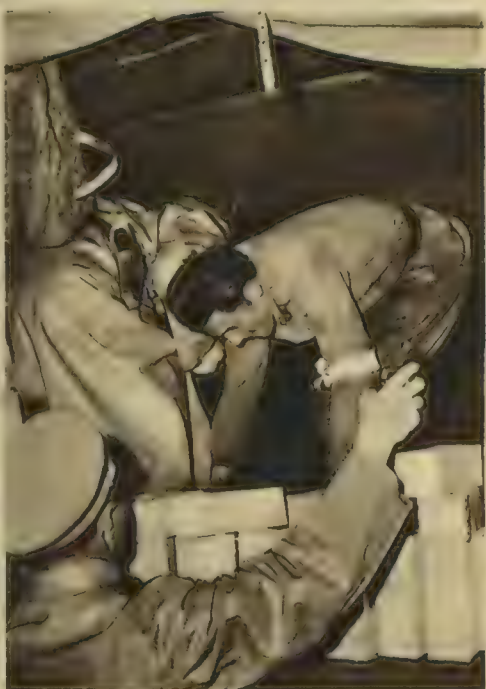


HUNGARIAN TROOPS AND DEMONSTRATORS IN BUDAPEST EXCHANGING GESTURES OF GOODWILL DURING THE FIGHTING.



A MAP OF HUNGARY TO ILLUSTRATE THE SITUATION. AT OCTOBER 29, INSURGENTS WERE REPORTED TO CONTROL GYOR, SOPRON, SZENTGOTTHARD, MAGYAROVAR AND MISKOLC; AND, PERHAPS, SZOLNOK, YZAROM, DUNA-FOLDVAR, DEBRECEN, SZEGED AND PECS. (Map by courtesy of "The Times.")

PERSONALITIES IN HUNGARY TO-DAY.



URGENTLY NEEDED MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND FOOD FOR HUNGARY BEING LOADED INTO A LORRY IN AUSTRIA.



(Above.) DISMISSED FROM HIS POST AS FIRST SECRETARY OF THE HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST PARTY: MR. ERNOE GERÖ, WHO HAD JUST PREVIOUSLY LED A HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST PARTY DELEGATION ON A VISIT TO PRESIDENT TITO IN YUGOSLAVIA.



MR. IMRE NAGY, WHO WAS DEPOSED LAST YEAR FOR TITOIST LEANINGS AND WAS SWEEPED BACK INTO POWER BY THE DEMONSTRATIONS OF OCTOBER 23 AS PRIME MINISTER.



(Above.) THE SUCCESSOR TO MR. GERÖ AS FIRST SECRETARY OF THE HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST PARTY: MR. JANOS KADAR. IN 1951 HE WAS ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF ESPIONAGE, TREASON AND TITOISM AND, ALTHOUGH NOT TRIED, WAS DETAINED IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP UNTIL 1953.

WITH the Hungarian revolution still in balance at the time of writing, we attempt on this page to illustrate both the personalities and the geography of this widespread, violent and apparently spontaneous insurgence of popular unrest. By October 28 it was claimed that more than half of Western Hungary was in the insurgents' hands; and, more surprisingly, that such major Eastern Hungarian centres as Debrecen and Szeged were in insurgent hands. Our lower map throws some light on the geographical, military and political aspects of the situation; and particularly on the key position now occupied by Czechoslovakia. We give portraits of Mr. Nagy and Mr. Kadar, the two leaders of the Hungarian Government attempting to ride the storm at the time of writing. A rumour was current that Mr. Gerö had been shot. Two prominent anti-Communists, Mr. Bela Kovacs and Mr. Zoltan Tildy, entered Mr. Nagy's Government, it was stated on October 28.



(Left.) RUSSIA, THE WEST, AND THE SATELLITE COUNTRIES IN A MAP WHICH THROWS MUCH LIGHT ON THE SITUATION IN EASTERN EUROPE. A POINT OF GREAT INTEREST WHICH EMERGES IS THE RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THE RUSSIAN AND NATIVE FORCES IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES, AS AT OCT. 23. IN THE EVENT OF POLAND AND HUNGARY COMPLETELY THROWING OFF THE RUSSIAN YOKE, THE IMPORTANCE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AS THE ONLY PHYSICAL LINK BETWEEN RUSSIA AND EAST GERMANY IS MUCH INCREASED.



THE PATTERN OF ARMED REVOLUTION: IN THE DESERTED STREETS OF BUDAPEST MEN DODGE FROM DOOR TO DOOR AS THE BULLETS FLY AND SHELLS BURST.



AFTER THE RIOTERS HAVE PASSED AND SMOKE RISES: A SMALL BOY PICKS UP ONE OF THE TATTERED BOOKS FROM A WRECKED RUSSIAN BOOKSHOP.



OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL: AS THE CURIOUS CROWDS ROAM AND STARE, A GROUP OF MEN WITH A LADDER ATTEMPT TO DEFACE THE SOVIET EMBLEM.



AFTER THE BARRICADES: CROWDS SCRAMBLING OVER TRAM-LINES WHICH HAD BEEN TORN UP TO IMPEDE THE ADVANCE OF TANKS.

BUDAPEST EARLY IN THE VIOLENTLY ANTI-RUSSIAN "OCTOBER REVOLUTION."

During the course of the Hungarian revolution which broke out with such spontaneity and violence on October 23, the whole Western world has been waiting and watching with admiration for the courage of the insurgents and wonder as to whether they could win. At the time of writing it is still not clear that Mr. Nagy, the new Prime Minister, can ride the storm and

restore his country to peace and a measure of independence, but it is quite clear that Hungarian feeling is unanimously and violently anti-Russian; and whether the Government that emerges from the turmoil is repressive, "Titoist," Communist, or more broadly democratic cannot be foretold. Some measure of the disaster can be gauged from the fact that the Hungarian

Red Cross appealed on October 27 for medical supplies, drugs and food for the wounded to the number of between 10,000 and 50,000. On October 28 Britain, France and the United States sought to indict Russia before the Security Council for "violently repressing the rights of the Hungarian people" by military action. When an emergency meeting was called it was clear that

Russia would use her power of veto to block any condemnatory resolution; but the motion for the adoption of the agenda was passed by nine votes to one, that one being Russia, and Yugoslavia abstained. Meanwhile, the Government of the People's Republic of Hungary protested against the raising of the question in the Security Council on the grounds that the matter was a domestic one.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BUDAPEST: RUSSIAN TANKS IN ACTION, CAPTURED, AND IN FLAMES.



TANKS TAIL TO TAIL IN A BUDAPEST STREET, WHERE RUSSIAN TROOPS AND ARMOUR HAVE BEEN USED IN BRUTAL REPRESSION.



DEMONSTRATORS RIDING ON A CAPTURED TANK IN THE STREETS OF BUDAPEST. IT WILL BE NOTED THAT THIS TANK IS OF THE SAME TYPE AS THAT SHOWN IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.



TANKS IN THE DESERTED PARLIAMENT SQUARE, BUDAPEST: THIS WAS THE SCENE OF A MASSACRE, RUSSIAN TANKS OPENING FIRE ON A PASSIVE, UNARMED CROWD.



RUSSIAN TANKS FLYING HUNGARIAN FLAGS. IN MANY CASES THIS WAS DONE TO MINIMISE THE EXTENT OF THE RUSSIAN INTERVENTION.



A SELF-PROPELLED GUN BLAZING AFTER BEING SET ON FIRE IN A BUDAPEST STREET. FURTHER AWAY ANOTHER MILITARY VEHICLE CAN BE SEEN BURNING.

Although at the time of writing the situation in Hungary, and particularly in Budapest, was still confused, it would appear that the city was, on October 24, 25 and 26 in particular, the scene of savage fighting and repression. The numbers of the dead and seriously wounded were stated on October 26 to be more than 3000, some of them being the victims of brutal massacres. In Parliament Square on October 25, 100 men, women and children, in a passive unarmed crowd, were mown down by sudden fire from Russian tanks. It has been reported that the spearhead of the revolution was to be found in units of the Hungarian Regular Army and that the Officers Training Academy went over completely to the rebels. Other military groups kept themselves neutral or in some cases simply threw their arsenals open to the insurgents. Some Russian troops are said to have shown reluctance



INSURGENT TROOPS PATROLLING NEAR THE BORDER BETWEEN HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA. THESE MEN ARE IDENTIFIED BY THEIR TRICOLOUR ARMBANDS.

in their task of repression, but others were wilfully brutal. The situation was further confused inasmuch as some Russian tanks were flying the Hungarian flag, presumably in an attempt not to arouse additional odium; and the especial emblem of the insurgents seems to have been the Hungarian flag with the Communist emblem, a five-pointed star, torn out of the centre. Soviet aircraft at various times flew over the city in an attempt to identify points of resistance; and tanks periodically bombarded buildings with a concentration of fire. From the fact that on October 28 Mr. Nagy promised on the radio that Russian troops were being withdrawn from Budapest and the Hungarian Secret State Police (the A.V.H.) were being dissolved, it would seem that these were the chief agents in the massacre and repression of the insurgents. Sporadic fighting continued on October 29.



BEFORE HUNGARY'S "OCTOBER REVOLUTION": THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF STALIN IN STALIN SQUARE, BUDAPEST, BEFORE IT WAS TORN DOWN BY AN INFURIATED CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS AGAINST RUSSIAN DOMINATION.

STALIN FALLS—IN BUDAPEST: A SYMBOLIC INCIDENT OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION.



STALIN FALLS—IN BUDAPEST. AFTER THE SAWING THROUGH OF THE LEGS AND VIOLENT HAULING WITH CHAINS, THE HUGE STATUE BEGINS TO CRASH.



AFTER THE FALL OF THE STATUE, CROWDS OF DEMONSTRATORS RUSHED TO BREAK UP THE FALLEN IDOL AND TO TEAR AWAY AND SAW OFF SOUVENIRS OF THE METAL.



TRIUMPH AND DEFIANCE: DEMONSTRATORS WITH THE HUNGARIAN NATIONAL FLAG CHEER ON THE FALLEN STATUE.



(Left.) THE RED, WHITE AND GREEN TRICOLOUR FLAG OF HUNGARY WITH THE ALIEN SOVIET STAR BLOTTED OUT HANGING FROM THE BALCONY OF A RESTAURANT IN BUDA.

(Right.) THE MUSICIAN WALKS PAST—AND THE DEMONSTRATORS DRIVE BY ON A COMMANDEERED TANK: A BUDAPEST SIDELIGHT ON THE VIOLENT HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION AGAINST THE RUSSIANS.



Whatever the origins or issues of the Hungarian Revolution might prove to be; and whatever its outcome, which at the time of writing was in the balance, it seems clear that anti-Russian feeling provided its impetus; and the destruction of the colossal statue of Stalin, in Stalin Square, Budapest, is the most striking epitome and symbol of this feeling. The first attacks on this statue were made on October 23, when the uprising was still in the state of monster demonstration; but these attempts, in which ropes, chains

and winches were used, failed to disturb this major piece of sculptural engineering. Early next day the demonstrators had secured blowlamps and succeeded in burning through the legs of the statue, which, to a great shout of joy, tumbled to the ground. This cutting of the legs took three and a half hours, during which the crowd chanted "We want back our church," referring to the church which once occupied the site of the statue. After its fall many people smashed and sawed off fragments of the metal as souvenirs.

A TRAGIC INCIDENT IN HUNGARY'S REVOLUTION: DEMONSTRATORS MASSACRED AT MAGYAROVAR.



OUTSIDE A CHAPEL IN THE TOWN OF MAGYAROVAR, IN NORTH-WEST HUNGARY: RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS OF THE OUTRAGE BY STATE SECRET POLICE WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICE.



IN THE CEMETERY AT MAGYAROVAR: THE CORPSE OF ONE OF ABOUT EIGHTY DEMONSTRATORS KILLED IN THE MASSACRE OF OCTOBER 26 IS WATCHED OVER BY RELATIVES. AFTER THE OUTRAGE THE A.V.H. OFFICERS WERE KILLED BY ANGRY MOBS.



A YOUNG INSURGENT GUARDS THE FORMER SECURITY CHIEF OF MAGYAROVAR IN HOSPITAL. MOMENTS LATER AN ANGRY MOB DRAGGED OUT AND KILLED HIS HATED PRISONER.



ONE OF THE WOUNDED DEMONSTRATORS RECEIVING A BLOOD TRANSFUSION IN HOSPITAL. MEDICAL SUPPLIES WERE VERY SHORT AT MAGYAROVAR.



(Left.) VICTIMS OF THE HATED STATE POLICE: THE CORPSES OF SOME OF THE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN KILLED IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS AT MAGYAROVAR LIE IN A CHAPEL AWAITING IDENTIFICATION.

(Right.) BEGINNING THE TASK OF BURYING THE DEAD: WEEPING MOURNERS STAND AT THE GRAVESIDE DURING THE FUNERAL OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS AT MAGYAROVAR.



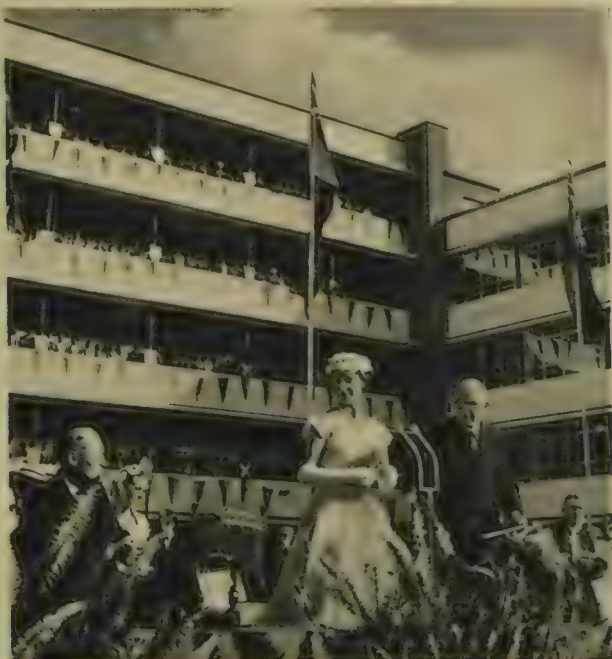
Some eighty people were killed and about 100 were wounded when a detachment of A.V.H. (State Secret Police) fired on a crowd of demonstrators in the town of Magyarovar, in north-west Hungary, on the morning of October 26. The aftermath of this tragic incident in the Hungarian revolution was witnessed by a number of Western correspondents who were allowed to visit Magyarovar, which is about ten miles from the Austro-Hungarian border. The massacre took place when a large unarmed crowd of demonstrators assembled in the

centre of the town and then set out for the A.V.H. barracks to tear down the hated red star, the symbol of Russian oppression. The A.V.H. opened fire with machine-guns and flung hand grenades. The bereaved citizens of Magyarovar set about caring for their wounded and identifying their dead, among whom there were many women and several children. There were no Russian troops in or near Magyarovar, which was taken over by a national committee of twenty, representing the workers and young people of the town.

THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE EAST AFRICAN TOUR: PRINCESS MARGARET'S LAST DAYS IN KENYA.



HOLDING A GIFT OF A SPEAR WITH A POM-POM ON IT—A TRADITIONAL TOKEN OF PEACE: THE PRINCESS AT A GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI, ON OCTOBER 20.



THE LAST MAJOR ENGAGEMENT OF HER CROWDED EAST AFRICAN TOUR: PRINCESS MARGARET DECLARING OPEN THE ROYAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE OF EAST AFRICA IN NAIROBI ON OCTOBER 24.



A BOUQUET AND A VERY SPECIAL CURTSY FOR THE PRINCESS: DURING HER VISIT TO THE ABORETUM AT NAKURU ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 23.

PRINCESS MARGARET, who had fortunately recovered from her indisposition of the previous day, attended morning service at the Anglican Cathedral of Nairobi on October 21. During the afternoon she flew to Kinangop, to take tea informally with some of the settlers in the area, until recently a centre of serious Mau Mau activity. Her Royal Highness spent the following day among the Kamba people at Machakos. She was particularly delighted with the spectacular display of dancing given in her honour. After luncheon at the District Commissioner's House the Princess visited the African School at Machakos, where some

[Continued below, left.]

(Right.) AERIAL SOMERSAULTS TO THE RHYTHM OF NATIVE DRUMS: A SKILFUL DISPLAY BY KAMBA DANCERS AT MACHAKOS WHICH PARTICULARLY PLEASED THE PRINCESS AND THE AUDIENCE OF SOME 20,000.



KAMBA BELLES IN GALA ARRAY: SOME OF THE PERFORMERS IN A PAGEANT OF NATIVE LIFE STAGED FOR PRINCESS MARGARET DURING HER VISIT TO MACHAKOS ON OCTOBER 22.

[Continued.]

of the girls performed a Scottish reel with great skill. On October 23 Princess Margaret flew to Nakuru, the centre of one of the principal European farming districts of Kenya. In the afternoon she spent some two hours in the Amboseli game reserve, where she took photographs of lions and saw many other animals. During the night she saw lions at the



DURING A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL AT NAIROBI: THE PRINCESS CHATS WITH PRIVATE ISUMAL, WHO WAS WOUNDED WHILE ON A PATROL SEARCHING FOR MAU MAU TERRORISTS.

kill in the reserve. On October 24 the Princess returned to Nairobi for the opening ceremony of the imposing Royal Technical College of East Africa. On October 25 her Royal Highness flew from Nairobi at the start of her homeward journey. She spent some hours at Kisumu, on the shores of Lake Victoria, and finally left Kenya by air in the late afternoon.

THE FIRST BIOGRAPHY OF LORD LUGARD.

"LUGARD: THE YEARS OF ADVENTURE, 1858-1898." By MARGERY PERHAM.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



F. D. LUGARD, LATER LORD LUGARD OF ABINGER, IN 1893 AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE.

Elliott and Fry.

combined the building of our African Empire with the spreading of light in "Darkest Africa,"

which had been for ages wrapped in the night of superstition, witchcraft, torture, cannibalism and the slave-trade. The publishers say that "Lord Lugard's name is likely to take an increasingly important place in Britain's imperial history. His career covered the rise of our African Empire and vividly illustrates an epoch of colonial power which was already coming to an end before he died in 1945. . . . First, after a period of soldiering in Kipling's India came the years of daring adventure in Africa. Secondly, came his work as a Governor, with two consecutive periods in Nigeria. These two periods were divided by a most interesting excursion to the Far East as governor of Hong Kong at the time of the Chinese revolution. Finally, in his so-called retirement, he was recognised as a patron of African research, the great authority on colonial administration and an international statesman in this field." I quote that chunk from the "blurb" merely because, had I not quoted it, I should have had to write a similar summary myself. For, honestly speaking (I don't mean to suggest that the honest form of speaking is unusual with me), I am not at all sure that Lugard's name "is likely to take an increasingly important place in Britain's imperial history." Lugard was a brave man and a dedicated man; hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, with drooping moustaches like widow's weeds, so devoted to good causes that he looked as though he were haunted by them. His face, in the bemadalled frontispiece-portrait here, might be the face of a suffering St. Ignatius Loyola. In his lifetime, to most, even of the intelligent, newspaper-readers, he was merely one more Colonial Governor, be-braided and be-plumed, and I doubt whether most of the younger intelligent generation now has more than heard of him. For that matter, have they ever heard of any other of the noble, determined, self-sacrificing Englishmen who, in the nineteenth century, with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, penetrated the remotest fastnesses of Africa and Asia, in the hopes of spreading "sweetness and light," the merits of which had been preached to them by Matthew Arnold and his admirable father.

Miss Perham's name is as conspicuous amongst the recorders of our adventurers in Africa as Lugard's is amongst those of the men whose adventures Miss Perham records. From early youth she dedicated herself to the study of Africa, and its varied tribes and cultures. Once more I am impelled to quote from the publisher: "First, she was his intimate friend and fellow-worker in the later part of his life, and was able to take over his large and valuable collection of papers. Her second qualification arises from her having travelled and studied widely in Nigeria, South Africa, Kenya and Uganda. In fact, she has followed in Lord Lugard's footsteps sometimes two or three times, in almost every part of Africa where he went." Many, many years have passed since I last met Miss Perham, who impressed me greatly, although I don't suppose she was aware of my existence. Since then, between two wars, through a war, and after a war, I have followed her career with interest and admiration. She has written books about Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Kenya,

THE name of Lugard is eminent among those of the Englishmen who, as soldiers, explorers and administrators,

always sensible, always conscientious, always authoritative, majestically crashing through jungles of problems like a tank. For many years, whenever an important "issue" has arisen in Africa she has charged into *The Times* with a long letter, or been called in for an even longer article. At this moment I am not merely expecting, but hoping for (fundamentally the two verbs mean the same thing), an illuminating contribution from her on the subject of our nomadic Somali protégés, whose grazing-grounds (for they live upon meat and milk) are being menaced by the Abyssinians, about whom, *Consule Mussolino*, our Press was so romantic.

The subject is an imposing subject; the author, now the holder of a Special Fellowship at Nuffield College, Oxford, "for the study of Imperial Government," is an imposing author. But the book is, at first sight, altogether too imposing a book. There are nearly 800 pages, closely-printed, of it, and it gets us only up to the middle of Lugard's career. I say "at first sight" advisedly, lest others, contemplating this monumental first of two volumes, may be tempted to jump to the conclusion that the book is a tardy successor to those vast biographies, padded with all sorts of trivial detail, which our fathers thought it only dutiful to erect as tombstones on the graves even of second-rate politicians, and may lay

intelligence—she published articles and verse—and her fearless skill in breaking horses and in show-jumping." She dazzled the reputedly insensible young man; "He drew now upon all the reserves of his rich nature and shared them—or thought he shared them—to the fullest extent that is conceivable between two persons. They rode together; they discussed all things under the sun; they read verse together and wrote it for and to each other; they watched the splendid settings of the tropical sun with an emotion that seemed to fuse their two identities. Above all, his deeply affectionate and generous nature found at last an opportunity to give, and this meant more to him than to accept." The sequel is in the book, and all to Lugard's credit; I haven't space to outline it here. But Kipling once more comes to mind. She evidently meant immeasurably more to Lugard than the inaccessible subaltern meant to her. She apparently deserved Kipling's appellation, which has always seemed to me crude, vulgar, unchivalrous and even disgusting, "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair." Lugard, heart-broken and fevered, got sick-leave on half-pay, and, seeking death because he was so miserable, but still crusading against the slave-trade because he was an idealist who cared nothing for his life, found his *métier*.

It isn't possible here even to indicate the riches of Miss Perham's book. Though she doesn't try any "fine writing" there are passages of hers about scenery, birds, and beasts, which might well pass as "purple passages"; her touch is sure when she deals with human individuals, black, brown, or white; and, when she writes of major events, she writes like a historian. Yet I think that when I remember her book in later days, the passage which will come back to me most clearly will have nothing to do with that brave and complicated Lugard at all.

Lugard, in middle life, finding that the early wound had healed and left merely a scar, married (perhaps the most dauntless of all his enterprises) a woman journalist, Flora Shaw. She was good for him: she was also quite exceptional. She recognised, while Rhodes was still alive, the greatness of Rhodes. By greatness I mean moral greatness. There isn't room here to quote in full the letter which Flora Shaw, whom I had the luck to meet long ago, wrote, in 1895, to "Dear Capt. Lugard" but I may at least quote the end of it, as illustrating both the descriptive power of the writer and the nobility of the subject: "He has no personal life and the aloofness from personal motive which I observe in him does not strike me as the ordinary renunciation of good men. It is rather, if I may so describe it, a passionate extension of aim which so far outstrips personal success as to leave the thought of it where most of us have learned to leave some at least of the toy dreams of early youth. If I interpret his character rightly he has not renounced himself, he has passed beyond himself, and this is the surer form of conquest as it implies a growth which can never be undone."

Lugard met his rightful mate. He didn't subside into happiness; his type couldn't. But he, who had in youth been passionate about the suppression of the Slave Trade, had found a coadjutor. I look forward to the next volume.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 770 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS MARGERY PERHAM. Miss Margery Perham, who was born in 1895, was educated at St. Stephen's College, Windsor; St. Anne's School, Abbots Bromley, and St. Hugh's College, Oxford. She has travelled and studied widely in Nigeria, South Africa, Kenya and Uganda, and is a leading authority on African history and government. Since 1947 she has held a special Fellowship at Nuffield College for the study of Imperial Government. She has written a number of books on Africa, including "Native Administration in Nigeria" and "The Government of Ethiopia."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—October 22, 1892.



THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

PASSPORT PROPRIETOR (Jap.). "SEE HERE, GOVERNOR! HE'S A LIKELY-LOOKING ANIMAL,—BUT I CAN'T MANAGE HIM: IF YOU'LL WON'T TAKE HIM, I MUST LET HIM GO!"

WHAT PUNCH THOUGHT AT THE TIME OF LUGARD'S CAMPAIGN FOR THE RETENTION OF UGANDA: A PICTORIAL COMMENT BY TENNIEL.

Illustration and portrait of Lord Lugard reproduced from the book "Lugard. The Years of Adventure, 1858-1898"; by courtesy of the publishers, Collins.

it down unopened. The temptation assailed me also, and I continued to quail somewhat as I plodded through the early chapters about Lugard's boyhood and parents—in which, oddly, we are given no information about his forbears, beyond his grandparents, or the origin of his unusual surname. But as soon as Africa was reached all fear of tedium was utterly forgotten; the book itself became a journey of discovery, none the less enchanting because of its length, for, like the great African rivers with which Lugard was so familiar, it offers a continual succession of diversified prospects. Miss Perham, in telling her hero's story, unfolds also, with never a visible join in her fabric, the whole history of the opening up of Equatorial Africa, which, until the middle of the nineteenth century, was a blank space on the map and, at the end of it, after a feverish scramble, was parcelled out amongst several European Powers.

Everything about Lugard, including his face, was *sui generis*. What took him, a young soldier with early experience of active service, to a lonely start in a part of Africa which was not yet recognised even as a British "sphere of influence"? It was—and here one recalls the publisher's phrase "Kipling's India," though this sort of India is not confined to Asia, or, perhaps, even to this planet—an unhappy love-affair. He had met in Lucknow "a woman, a re-married divorcee [not a very good start, but young men are often dreamers] who was famous, not only for her great beauty, the subject of many portraits, but for her

* "Lugard: The Years of Adventure, 1858-1898. The First Part of the Life of Frederick Dealtry Lugard, Later Lord Lugard of Abinger, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O." By Margery Perham, C.B.E., Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford. Illustrations and Maps. (Collins; 42s.)

A NEWLY DISCOVERED OIL WELL OUT OF CONTROL: A RECENT 18-DAY DRAMA IN IRAN.



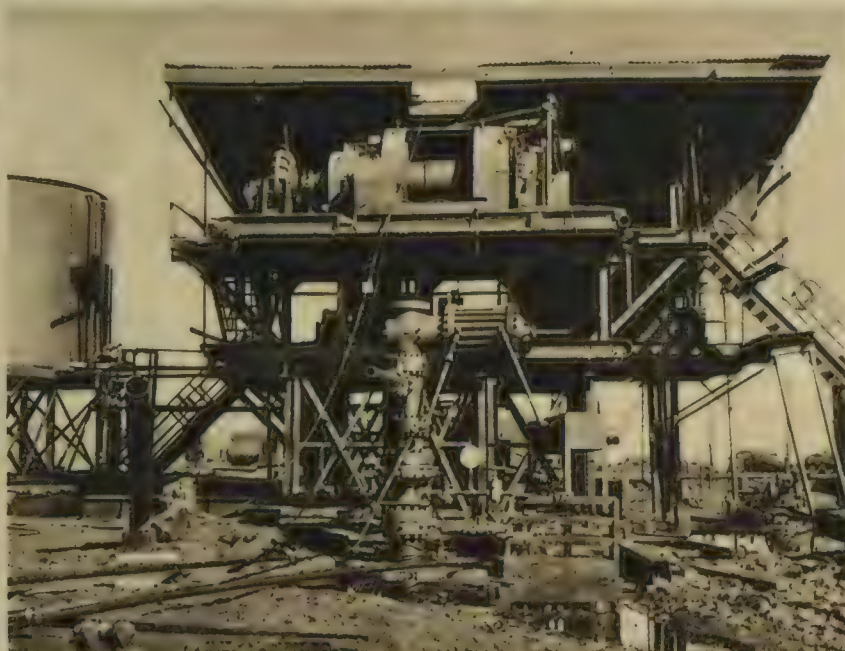
(Left.)
A 150 FT. HIGH JET
OF OIL DRENCHING
THE COUNTRYSIDE:
THE SCENE AFTER OIL
UNDER VERY GREAT
PRESSURE HAD BE-
GUN TO GUSH UN-
EXPECTEDLY FROM
THE WELL WHICH
WAS STILL BEING
DRILLED.



(Right.)
AFTER THE DERRICK
AND SUBSTRUCTURE
HAD BEEN REMOVED
AS A FIRST STEP TO-
WARDS CONTROLLING
THE OIL, A RIVER OF
OIL IS SEEN IN THE
FOREGROUND.



AFTER THE ORIGINAL "BLOW-OUT" VALVES HAD BEEN REMOVED AND BEFORE THE EMERGENCY VALVES HAD BEEN INSTALLED: HOT OIL AND GAS GUSHING OUT IN A FURIOUS JET.



THE WELL FINALLY UNDER CONTROL: THE POWERFUL EMERGENCY VALVE, IN THE FOREGROUND, HAS BEEN INSTALLED AND THE WELL SEALED OFF.



A LAKE OF OIL: MUCH OF THE "WILD" OIL WHICH HAD BEEN GUSHING OUT FOR EIGHTEEN DAYS WAS CAREFULLY CHANNELLED INTO RESERVOIRS LIKE THIS.



THE BATTLE HALF WON: AFTER THE VERTICAL GUSHER WAS STOPPED THERE WAS STILL THE HORIZONTAL GUSHER TO BE FINALLY SEALED.

Early on August 26 this year the Iran Oil Company, which had been prospecting for oil in the "Alborz structure" since 1950, suddenly and unexpectedly struck oil. The oil, however, was under very great pressure and got out of control. For the next eighteen days until September 13 a giant fountain of oil continued to drench the surrounding countryside. The famous American expert on controlling "wild wells," Mr. Myron M. Kinley, of Houston, was called in, and said afterwards that this was the largest well he had dealt with in all his thirty-five years' experience. The Alborz oilfield

is the first new field to be found in Iran for many years, and being situated near large consuming areas, is of great importance to the country. The new well is near the town of Qum, about 80 miles south-south-west of Teheran. The difficulties of bringing the well under control were great. The Iranian Army had to be called upon to help prevent fire breaking out, and special valve equipment of great strength had to be made in order to stop the oil, which was flowing at an enormous rate, at an initial pressure of about 3200 lb. to the square inch, and at a temperature above that of boiling water.

Reproduced by courtesy of "Petroleum Times Ltd.," from photographs illustrating an article by G. Heseldin, M.Sc., F.Inst.Pet., M.I.C.E.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALTHOUGH one of the commonest of all the gentians to be found growing in the Alps, and at the same time one of the easiest to grow in the garden,

the Willow gentian, *Gentiana asclepiadea*, seems to be curiously rare in cultivation. The plant is widely distributed in the wild. I have looked it up and find—"Carpathians, Erzgebirge, Eastern, Central and Western Alps; Vosges, Jura, Corsica, Caucasus and Asia Minor. Bushy sub-Alpine regions and stony Alpine pastures up to 6800 ft., especially on limestone; a very handsome species. July to September." I have taken that from H. Stuart Thompson's "Alpine Plants of Europe." An admirable book, though in my own copy the illustrations became infuriatingly deciduous at an early stage—a grave fault in any book. And here let me own up. In my abysmal ignorance I have not the foggiest idea where Erzgebirge is. A romantic-sounding name, yet I have no intention of dashing off to see the Willow gentian growing there. I have met it too often in more everyday regions.

My general recollection of this gentian is of seeing it as I stogged up through the uppermost sub-Alpine woodlands, making for the true Alpine screes and pastures above tree-line. Hot work it often was, hot and stuffy among the trees, and handsome though the Willow gentian undoubtedly is, it always gave me a slight feeling of impatient boredom, and an eagerness to reach the open uplands above, where the dazzling little Spring gentian, *G. verna*, and all the other dwarf, brilliant high alpine were to be found. Ungrateful of me, for *Gentiana asclepiadea* is a plant of great beauty, both in the wild and in the garden, and in the garden it is perhaps the easiest of all gentians to grow, and, once established, quite indestructible. For that very reason it is no plant to collect in the Alps, unless you have the good fortune to find quite young seedlings. The plant makes a tough, sturdy clump, throwing up a sheaf of 2- to 3-ft. flowering stems, and sending down a mop of tough, thong-like roots to a depth equal to the height of the flower stems. Excavating for such a plant in soil which is usually stony, and often reinforced by a network of tree roots, in the heat of sub-Alpine woodland in high summer, is waste of time, energy, and good honest sweat. Small seedlings, yes; if you can find them. Or seeds if you are there at the right season. Otherwise, the best plan is to pass the Willow gentians by, admiring them as you toil on up to the ultimate delights, and then, when you get home, buy a few young ready-made Willow gentians in pots, from one or other of our Alpine nurseries, and so start an *Asclepiadea* dynasty in some shady or half-shady corner of your garden. Later, if you have the space and the inclination for wide plantations, your own home-saved seeds will provide all the Willow gentians you could wish for. It is an excellent plant to grow in the bed at the foot of the north wall of the house, and in any other shady spots available. Under favourable conditions its slender, slightly arching stems will reach a height of 2 or even 3 ft. The deep-blue flowers, narrow bells—marked inside with whitish streaks and dots—are carried singly or in clusters of two or three in the axils of the upper leaves, in mid- or late summer. Although Stuart Thompson describes *Gentiana asclepiadea* as occurring

THE WILLOW GENTIAN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

usually on limestone formations in nature, my experience is that in cultivation the plant is indifferent as to whether it is given a limy or the reverse—an acid soil. Here in my Cotswold garden I planted out half a dozen young pot-grown specimens last year in a bed of harsh soil which is stiff with broken limestone. They have taken hold and flowered well this summer. They are on the north side of a low wall. On the other hand, the finest display that I ever saw of the Willow gentian in cultivation

was in a large woodland garden at Harrow Weald. The soil was such that the heathers and the gaultherias revelled in it; and there was a noble clump a yard or so across of *Epigaea repens*. Lime-haters and peat-lovers all of them. And there the Willow gentian grew by the hundred. No, the thousand. Self-sown seedlings had sprung up everywhere, with the abundance of bluebells in an English wood. That was in days before the First World War. Later, when the clever gardener-owner died, the property was sold, and I was told that the new owner had other views and ideals about gardening. The woodland garden was "tidied up," and only plants which were willing to be regimented were allowed there. That unique sea of Willow gentians had to go. Too terribly untidy.

In planting the Willow gentian it is important to make very sure of choosing exactly the right place for it, a place, that is, in which it may remain undisturbed for ever and ever. Once established it is not a plant to disturb and transplant lightly.

Apart from the normal deep-blue type of Willow gentian, a few colour forms have cropped up from time to time. I was once quite thrilled when I acquired a white-flowered variety. But I found no special virtue or beauty in its whiteness, and when eventually I lost the plant I was in no way cast down. A single albino specimen such as this occurring among great quantities of the normal blue, as in the Harrow Weald garden, might have been mildly interesting and amusing, but no more. A pale, almost Cambridge blue variety, on the other hand, which came to me many years ago from a Yorkshire garden was really attractive in its own right, and associated with the dark-blue type on equal terms. It had, too, the virtue of breeding true from seed. But like so many good plants which have come into my hands during the years, it passed out of them again. This passing of the plants which one has possessed is perhaps a good thing. It is, in fact, the only reasonable solution of the acquisitive gardener's mania. If I still possessed and grew even only a few specimens of all the good plants, or the plants which I thought were good when I acquired them, I should require a garden the size of several counties to accommodate them. But perhaps some of them were not really as good as I thought them at the time. Some I know were not really meant for this world. Without doubt the gods loved them as dearly as I did—and so they went, like the angel faces in the hymn "which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

No, some of my lost plants are not lost awhile, but for ever, unless, of course, they are ramping around in the Elysian Fields and the Celestial Screes. One such plant which I really do regret was a completely double shell-pink form of *Ranunculus amplexicaulis*, which cropped up in a batch of seedlings that I raised from selected forms which I collected in the Pyrenees. But the pale-blue Willow gentian, well, it was a pleasant thing to have, and if ever it should come my way again it will receive a cordial welcome, and a cool corner in my garden. Meanwhile, I manage to bear up without it.



"A PLANT OF GREAT BEAUTY . . . PERHAPS THE EASIEST OF ALL GENTIANAS TO GROW AND, ONCE ESTABLISHED, QUITE INDESTRUCTIBLE": THE WILLOW GENTIAN, *G. ASCLEPIADEA*, OF WHICH THE FLOWERS ARE GENERALLY DEEP BLUE, THOUGH PALER AND WHITE FORMS DO OCCUR.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

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LAUNCHING AN APPEAL FOR £75,000 ON THE EVE OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: MILL HILL SCHOOL.
AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE PORTICO AND THE HEAD MASTER'S LAWN.

Those who know Mill Hill School with its lovely gardens and grounds must find it hard to believe that it is only some ten miles from Charing Cross. The school, which is on the borders of Hertfordshire and Middlesex, takes its name from the village which lies on a ridgeway 400 ft. above sea-level. It was founded in 1807 by a group of ministers and influential City merchants, and was intended primarily for the education of Nonconformists on the lines of the leading Public Schools, from which they were virtually excluded by religious tests. Since its foundation the policy of the School has been one of wide tolerance, and entries have never been confined to the sons of Free Churchmen,

but throughout its history its doors have always been open to boys brought up in different religious traditions. On the eve of its 150th anniversary this School (like so many of our other Public Schools) has had to launch an appeal for funds, so that "it shall continue to be one of the great independent schools of the country." The above drawing of the portico and the Head Master's Lawn shows, in the foreground, the spot where in 1746 "the hydrangea first flowered in the open in this country." It was once a part of the grounds of Ridgeway House, the home of Peter Collinson, the great naturalist and founder of the Mill Hill Garden. Other drawings appear on pages 750 and 751.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



FROM THE QUAD: A VIEW OF THE MAIN CLASSROOM BLOCK, KNOWN AS THE MARNHAM BLOCK. ON THE LEFT IS THE GREAT HALL, KNOWN AS "THE LARGE," AND ON THE RIGHT THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND PORTICO. SINGLE-HANDED HOCKEY, PECULIAR TO MILL HILL, IS PLAYED ON THE QUAD.



ANOTHER PART OF THE QUAD: ON THE LEFT ARE PARTS OF THE MCCLURE MUSIC SCHOOL, THE MURRAY SCRIPTORIUM, THE LIBRARY AND THE TUCK-SHOP. IN THE CENTRE IS THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, AND ON THE RIGHT ARE THE INDOOR SWIMMING BATH AND THE FIVES COURTS.

SOME OF THE BUILDINGS AT MILL HILL SCHOOL: ASPECTS OF A GREAT INDEPENDENT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

In 1827, twenty years after Mill Hill School was founded, the original seveneenth-century buildings were demolished and they were succeeded by the existing School House block which was designed by Sir William Tite, architect of the Royal Exchange. Later additions include the Murray Scriptorium, a reading-room so named because it commemorates Sir James A. H. Murray, whose work on the great New Oxford English Dictionary began when he was a master at Mill Hill; the Library given by Lord Winterstoke and bearing his name, and the McClure Music School which commemorates Sir John

McClure, Head Master from 1891-1922. In addition to School House, with its own dormitories, common rooms and studies, there are four similar Out-Houses—Burton Bank, Collinson, Ridgeway and Winterstoke, and one Day House. At present there are some 420 boys in the school and the Head Master is Mr. Roy Moore. The celebrated naturalist and antiquary, Peter Collinson (1694-1768), lived at Ridgeway House. His grounds now form part of Mill Hill School, and some of the trees of his period, notably some magnificent cedars, still lend enchantment to the view.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL AND TO SCHOOL HOUSE : A VIEW OF THE NORTH SIDE FACING THE MAIN ROAD CALLED THE RIDGEWAY. BY THE BEECH TREES STANDS THE WAR MEMORIAL, KNOWN AS THE "GATE OF HONOUR."



STANDING IN THE SPACIOUS GROUNDS WHICH STILL PRESERVE SOMETHING OF THE RURAL SIMPLICITY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : THE PORTICO AND TERRACE WHICH OVERLOOK A SUCCESSION OF PLAYING FIELDS ARRANGED IN TERRACES DOWN THE HILL (RIGHT).

STANDING IN A MAGNIFICENT RURAL SETTING ONLY TEN MILES FROM CHARING CROSS : MILL HILL SCHOOL.

The grounds of Mill Hill School occupy about 100 acres in Mill Hill Village, on the Middlesex-Hertfordshire border. In addition to the splendid trees in the grounds there are also many magnificent fuchsias. From the portico of School House there is a striking view over a whole succession of playing fields, which lie in terraces down the hill, interspersed with lines of trees. The major sports are Rugby football, hockey and cricket at the appropriate seasons. Minor sports include Eton Fives, Squash Racquets, Gymnastics, Single-Handed Hockey (a game peculiar to Mill Hill), boxing and fencing.

There is a cinder track for athletics and, in addition to the indoor swimming bath, which is heated, there is a magnificent open-air swimming-pool. The appeal for £75,000 has as its general aim to maintain and modernise the facilities already provided by the School and to provide such others as present educational practice requires. It is hoped to add to the provision for Science teaching, to build a new block for Art and Handicraft, and to found further scholarships for the sons of Old Millhillians, members of Old Millhillian families, and sons of ministers of religion.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: MR. ADLAI STEVENSON, AGAIN THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.

The United States Presidential and General Elections are held on "the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November"—or, in this case, November 6; and the Republican and Democratic nominees for the office of President are, respectively, the man in office, President Eisenhower, who is sixty-six, and his opponent in the last Presidential election, Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, who is fifty-six. The Republican and Democrat nominees for the Vice-Presidency are, respectively, Mr. Richard M. Nixon (the current Vice-President) and Mr. Estes Kefauver (of whom portraits appear elsewhere). The protagonists are thus the same as at the last election—and for a parallel to this one needs to go back to the elections of 1896 and 1900, in both of which the Republican William McKinley defeated

the Democrat William J. Bryan. In the 1952 Presidential Election Mr. Eisenhower was elected with an Electoral vote of 442 and a popular vote of 33,936,252, while Mr. Stevenson received an Electoral vote of 89 and a popular vote of 27,314,992. The votes of the Electoral College are, of course, the effective votes, but the popular vote does register a general feeling; and while President Eisenhower's score of nearly 34 million is by a long way the largest number ever to be received by a presidential candidate, Mr. Stevenson's 27,314,992 would have been sufficient to surpass any other candidate in history except Mr. Roosevelt in 1936. What the outcome and what the figures will be on November 6 it is, of course, impossible to foretell. President Eisenhower has, naturally, the prestige of office behind

Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.



THE MAN IN OFFICE, AND THE REPUBLICAN CHOICE FOR A SECOND TERM: PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

him, is very generally looked upon as a "father figure," and the United States are enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity and high employment; on the other hand, the Republicans are regarded as the party of big business, whereas the Democrats are more associated with the problems of the "little man." President Eisenhower is regarded as the most liberal element in his own party, there have been several shocks with regard to his health, his successor-apparent, Mr. Nixon, is considered as the representative of the right wing of the Republican Party; and if Mr. Eisenhower were to survive a second term, he would be the first incumbent of the office to reach the age of seventy while in office—in other words, voters for Mr. Eisenhower must also consider the prospect of Mr. Nixon's

succeeding him. Most of the big newspaper publishers support the Republican cause and the party have been able to spend immense sums on electioneering by television; but the Democrats have been campaigning with great activity and Mr. Stevenson is a much more experienced politician than he was in 1952. The British General Election of 1945 has been quoted as a "popular" rejection of a popular "father figure"; but under the American system it is possible to elect a head of the Government (who chooses his own Cabinet) of one party and a House of Representatives of another party—a thing impossible in Great Britain; and on balance it would seem probable that President Eisenhower will be re-elected but that Congress will have a Democrat majority.

Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BEAUTY DISPLAYED.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.



THE first and obvious thing to say is that here is a noble piece of modern bookmaking, the product of an able team of designers and craftsmen with honours divided between England and Holland; fine paper, wide margins, a pleasure to see and to handle.* It is, besides, a work of imaginative and sensitive scholarship, a gardener's delight, containing two complementary essays by Sacheverell Sitwell and Wilfrid Blunt—than whom no two men are better qualified to temper learning with civilised insight—and a bibliography edited by Patrick M. Synge. The subject of "Great Flower Books—1700-1900" is "two Centuries of finely-illustrated Flower Books" and there are thirty-six full-page plates which, whether in colour or monochrome, leave nothing to be desired. The bibliography lists, at a guess, more than 600 books issued between 1700 and 1900, each one of which made its contribution to botanical knowledge, while some of them, by the quality of their illustrations, strayed over the border which separates factual science from art; their intention was practical, but an unconscious æstheticism broke in; it is not the deliberate picturesqueness of the Dutch and Flemish flower-painters who made pretty pictures to adorn a wall, but an innate sense of fitness which could bring life to the drawing of a botanical specimen.

Looking through the plates you very quickly learn to distinguish between the accurate but rather humdrum work of some, and the no less accurate but far more understanding illustrations by, say, Redouté, whose name by now must be familiar to thousands as a result of various excellent publications during the past two or three years. Redouté, as both Mr. Sitwell and Mr. Blunt note, was not only good but lucky (except in money matters), for he was the obvious choice when the Empress Josephine wanted the rare plants of Malmaison immortalised—he got his works published in consequence. "His books," says Mr. Sitwell, "are masterpieces among flower books, but from examination of his original drawings he does not emerge as a greater flower-painter than two or three other artists contemporary to him who are almost forgotten"—for example, the excellent Turpin or Van Spaendonck, Redouté's chief at the Jardin des Plantes (the French Kew Gardens). Van Spaendonck's splendid *Fleurs Dessinées d'Après Nature* is the only work published during his lifetime; he is to be studied in his original drawings. As to Turpin "he never managed to attract as much attention as Redouté. His collaborator in the book on fruit

trees, P. A. Poiteau, produced a work as fine and compendious as any, his *Traité des Orangers*, which could only fairly be described as a Hesperidean holiday among the orange and citrus groves. . . . A beautiful and inspiring work, in its way, not less so than *Les Liliacées* or *Les Roses*"—the two magnificent publications by which Redouté is justly famous. For the quality of Redouté at his best I would choose the colour plate 29 in this volume of *Iris xiphioides*. The no less admirable talent of Van Spaendonck is to be seen in monochrome in Plate 18—*Lavatera trimestris* (the annual Mallow).

Presumably it will never be possible for the modern enthusiast to share wholly in the excitement of his ancestors of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries as more and more of

one of which caricatures its bulk in a very lively and amusing manner. Then there was Robert Thornton and his "Temple of Flora," issued in parts between 1799 and 1807. Thornton gambled his whole inheritance on this romantic production and blamed his troubles upon the war—"The once moderately rich very justly now complain that they are exhausted through TAXES laid on them to pay armed men to diffuse rapine, fire, and murder, over civilised EUROPE." As Mr. Blunt shrewdly points out, Redouté would have been in a similar plight had there been no Josephine; what Thornton lacked was a patron. Thornton, following the example of the print publisher Alderman Boydell—and, it might be added, of the Adam brothers years before, when they very nearly ruined themselves building the Adelphi—obtained permission

to hold a Royal Botanical Lottery with 20,000 tickets at 2 guineas each and 10,000 prizes valued at £77,000. (Odd arithmetic, this, but Thornton's estimate of the worth of the prizes included paintings, copies of the book, etc.) The lottery was a failure and when Thornton died in 1837 his family was almost destitute. In Thornton's book, the flowers were shown against a landscape background—the whole thing, as well as being now a popular collector's prize, is a strange memento of romantic fashions rather than of scientific value.

Most people consider the most beautiful of the English flower books to be the ten volumes of the *Flora Graeca* (1806-40), eight title-pages of which are reproduced in this volume. We owe this to John Sibthorp, Sherardian Professor at Oxford. They were produced after Sibthorp's death in 1796, mainly by means of money bequeathed by him. I leave it to financial experts to translate the values of the end of the eighteenth century into the miserable pounds of to-day. The total cost was estimated at £30,000, and only twenty-eight copies of the first edition were issued at £254 a set. The original drawings by Ferdinand Bauer—introduced to Sibthorp in Vienna by that great botanist Jacquin—nearly a thousand of them, together with three unpublished volumes of drawings of Greek fauna and a series of landscape sketches (some of which were used for the title-page) are in the library of the Oxford Botanic Garden. Mention of Jacquin, who was responsible for so many handsome and scientifically valuable

botanic books, reminds me that his *Selectarum Stirpium Americanarum Historia*, Vienna, 1780—only eighteen copies were issued—recently changed hands for £1000 at a London auction.

And so one could go on browsing through this learned and splendid folio. Perhaps the following quotation can provide a fitting close to a brief review: "Many books in this bibliography, though listed primarily for their illustrations, are still well worth reading and even re-reading, and contain much that is still as valuable to botanists and gardeners as when first written. They record the introduction of new plants and reflect changing fashions in horticulture. Thus they form an endless and fascinating source of information for the student of the history of gardening, travel and even adventure."



FROM C. J. TREW'S *PLANTÆ SELECTÆ* (1750-73): A REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS—THE LILY—DRAWN BY DIONYSIUS EHRET AND ENGRAVED BY J. J. HAID. THIS IS AMONG THE EXCELLENT COLOUR-PLATES IN "GREAT FLOWER BOOKS—1700-1900," BY SACHEVERELL SITWELL AND WILFRID BLUNT (COLLINS), "A NOBLE PIECE OF MODERN BOOKMAKING" REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

the myriad plants of the world were being discovered and recorded, nor will many be found in a position to vie with men living in an age of cheap labour and cheap coal in growing delicate tropical flowers in artificial conditions. Whether it will ever be possible to produce books on the subject in as lavish a manner as many of those discussed in this volume is also doubtful. There was, for example, James Bateman (1811-97), who devoted his substantial fortune to financing discovery and to publishing the results. His "Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala"—an immense volume weighing 38½ lb.—was published in a limited edition of 100 copies at 12 guineas each, and each of the forty plates cost more than £200 even in those days. It has the distinction of containing a number of vignettes by Cruikshank,

* "Great Flower Books—1700-1900." By Sacheverell Sitwell and Wilfrid Blunt. With a bibliography edited by Patrick M. Synge. 36 full-page Plates, 20 of them in Colour. (Collins; Limited Signed Edition—20 gns., and Standard Edition—12 gns.)



"ROSES ET DAHLIAS," BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919): IN THE IMPORTANT EXHIBITION OF "19TH AND 20TH-CENTURY FRENCH MASTERS" AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET. (Oil on canvas; 15½ by 24 ins.)



"FLOTILLE DE PECHE"; ONE OF THREE FINE PAINTINGS BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1824-1898) IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY UNTIL THE END OF NOVEMBER. SIGNED, AND DATED 1873. (Oil on canvas; 27 by 38 ins.)



(Left.)
"LES CHENES DU CHATEAU-RENNARD," BY HENRI-JOSEPH HARPIGNIES (1819-1916). THIS WORK WAS EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1875, THE YEAR AFTER THE UPROAR CAUSED IN PARIS BY THE FIRST IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 25½ ins.)

(Right.)
"WOMAN READING A NOVEL, ARLES," BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1852-1890): A MAGNIFICENT WORK OF 1888 IN WHICH VAN GOGH HAS BRILLIANTLY RENDERED THE EFFECT OF THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT BEHIND HIS SITTER. (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 36½ ins.)

The exhibition of "19th and 20th-Century French Masters," at the Marlborough Gallery, 17-18, Old Bond Street, continues until the end of November. This gallery has surpassed the high standard set by its exhibition under the same title of a year ago. The recent alterations in their premises enable the many important works to be shown to their full advantage. Thus there is one particularly striking wall with three Monets, a winter landscape by Sisley and Pissarro's "Inondation, Effet blanc, Eragny," hanging side by side. These five paintings illustrate most effectively the mastery of light and tone achieved by the Impressionists and enable the visitor to compare the subtle differences between the three great artists. Three Boudins, a powerful Corot

FRENCH 19TH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES; FROM AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY.



"NATURE MORTE AUX FRUITS," BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). THIS SMALL WORK IS DATED 1871, THE YEAR OF THE PARIS COMMUNE, IN WHICH COURBET WAS CLOSELY INVOLVED. (Oil on canvas; 8½ by 10½ ins.)



"FONTAINEBLEAU—LE CHARRETIER ET LES BUCHERONS," BY J. B. C. COROT (1796-1875). IT IS INTERESTING TO COMPARE THIS LANDSCAPE, PAINTED IN 1835, WITH SOME OF THE LATER IMPRESSIONIST LANDSCAPES IN THE EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 15 by 21 ins.)



(reproduced above), two Courbets, two Daubignys, a Guigou and the Harpignies shown here are among the paintings which represent the work done by the predecessors of the Impressionists. There are four paintings by Ignace Henri Fantin-Latour (1836-1904), a contemporary of the Impressionists who was little affected by their teaching. The two flower-pieces are typical of the work most usually associated with this artist. In fact, he also painted many romantic landscape compositions, of which "Le Rêve du Poète" is an example. Fantin-Latour's "Portrait du Poète Louis Bouilhet" reminds one that this artist also painted portraits of his friends, which have given us striking likenesses of leading writers, artists and musicians of his time.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE great virtue of an unsolved mystery is that everyone is free to theorise about it and to hold his opinion against all comers. This is especially so when the evidence for or against is unusually scanty. It is probably this, rather than the more substantial possibility that there may be some as yet undiscovered inhabitant of the Himalayan ranges, which keeps the discussion on the Abominable Snowman ever fresh. It could reasonably be argued that only those who know the inaccessible regions of the Himalayas, and more particularly those who have first-hand experience of the scanty evidence, have a right to express an opinion. If that were accepted, then the right would need to be restricted to a comparatively few people. Moreover, so far as we can judge from the utterances of some at least of these few, there is no question that all attempts hitherto to explain away the Snowman in prosaic zoological terms are unacceptable.

The authoritative pronouncements, by which I mean the opinions expressed by zoologists, seeking to interpret verbal descriptions and photographs of tracks in the snow, are divided between a bear and a monkey. In 1937 Mr. R. I. Pocock examined photographs of tracks brought back by Dr. F. S. Smythe and suggested that they were those of the red or Isabelline bear. In 1951 Mr. Eric Sipton brought back further photographs, and on the basis of these an exhibit was set up in the Main Hall of the British Museum (Natural History) designed to suggest that the tracks might have been made by a langur. In neither instance was the available evidence substantial, and we may be very sure that those responsible for putting forward these opinions did no more than seek to offer possible explanations. The langur theory has since received support from two Norwegian engineers, Aage Thorberg and Jan Frostis, who reported having had an encounter with two langur-like animals, Frostis being bitten by one of them. The bear theory has received support more recently still from Sreemat Swami Pranavananda, writing in the *Indian Geographical Journal*.

So far, therefore, we have four possible explanations of the Abominable Snowman, including the two already mentioned: that it is a large monkey, that it is a red bear, that it is a large anthropoid new to science, and that there is a confusion of evidence so that any one of these three, and other manifestations besides, may at different times and in different places have contributed to the legend. In using the word "legend," it is not my purpose to suggest that the Snowman is to be dismissed contemptuously. Rather it is to suggest the strength of the belief, which appears to be widespread among the human populations of the region in question. Surprisingly few natural history legends are without a firm basis in fact, provided one has the patience to search for it.

The details of the legend, or, in other words, the attributes of the Snowman, may be summarised as follows: 7 ft. or more in height; body coated with reddish hair, especially long about the face; head and face ape-like; capable of attacking a man or of killing a yak. The collateral factual evidence, brought back by members of various Himalayan expeditions, includes photographs of large tracks in the snow, at heights between 10,000 and 21,000 ft., and the observation that sometimes the tracks end at the edge of a chasm and reappear

THE SNOWMAN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

on the other side, implying that the being responsible for the tracks is capable of leaping across the chasm. There are other fragments of evidence which have not yet been made public.

Sreemat Pranavananda states that the red bear is well known to the Tibetan shepherds, who speak of it as the *mi-te* or the *kangmi*, the first name meaning "man-bear," the second "snowman."



IS THIS THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN'S" FOOTPRINT? AN IMPRESSION OF A SMALL LANGUR'S LEFT HIND-FOOT SUPERIMPOSED ON THE FORE-FOOT, GIVING A TOTAL LENGTH OF $6\frac{1}{2}$ INS.



OR IS THIS FOOTPRINT LIKE THOSE IN THE SNOW? AN IMPRESSION OF A SMALL BLACK BEAR'S RIGHT HIND-FOOT.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

Both are said to allude to the beast's habit of walking on its hind-legs. The first word has, however, been mistranslated as "abominable" or "disgusting."

I have not had the advantage of reading the original article in the *Indian Geographical Journal*, but a comprehensive review of it in *The Times* of July 3 of this year refers to a most detailed account that had come to the Sreemat "in July, 1953, in response to a request to Tibetan friends in the Manas region to collect information by offer of a reward. The most circumstantial in its tying-up of name, animal and footprints, was of a *mi-te* which in February of that

year visited a camp at 15,000 ft. on the Tag Tsangpo, on the south-east side of Manasarovar. It was seen in the valley, moving sometimes on all fours, and sometimes on its hind-legs." The footprints left in the sand, on hard ground, measured 11 ins. in length and 5 ins. in breadth, and although five toes could be seen for the prints of the hind-feet, the imprints of four toes only could be seen for the fore-feet.

The red or Isabelline bear is a race of the European brown bear. According to some zoologists, the grizzly, Kenai and Kodiak bears are also races of this species, *Ursus arctos*. Whether

they are to be regarded as races or separate species is less important than the fact that they are all so very alike in build, and they do not differ markedly in habits, so that even those unfamiliar with the red bear are justified in comparing it with what is known of other bears. So we come to the first weak links in the Sreemat's chain of evidence. First, all bears have five toes on the fore-feet. It is always possible that one of the toes might fail to register in the track, but it is unfortunate, to say the least, that the tracks of the *mi-te* showed only four toes. Secondly, whatever the red bear may or may not do, the European brown bear, and I believe this is true for the North American bears, and probably for all bears, does not adopt the bipedal position for ordinary locomotion. If it does stand upright, and move on its hind-feet only, it is with an awkward shuffle. Certainly, there is little in the written description of these tracks to suggest a similarity with the tracks photographed by Sipton.

It may be that in spite of my remarks Sreemat Pranavananda's views may yet be proven correct, but it is difficult to avoid comparing them with those of Charles Stonor, set forth in his book "The Sherpa and the Snowman." In this, Stonor recounts his

painstaking accumulation of local lore among the Sherpas. If he succeeds in nothing else, he does convey a vivid picture of the wide and inaccessible tracts of rugged mountain country where even a large anthropoid could remain undiscovered except in the face of a well-organised and determined expedition having this one objective. Even for such an expedition, eventual success would still probably hinge on exceptionally good luck.

So far, I have said little about the monkey theory. There is, indeed, little to be said except that the tracks of the Himalayan langur have at least as good a resemblance to the tracks photographed by Eric Sipton as would those of a bear. On the other hand, in spite of its large size, the Himalayan langur still falls short of the proportions suggested by all alleged eye-witness accounts. Another

monkey which has been associated with the legend of the Abominable Snowman is the snub-nosed monkey, of the high-altitude forests of Tibet and Western China. This lives at higher altitudes and in colder regions than any other monkey. Finally, we have the evidence of Thorberg and Frostis. As the Science Correspondent of *The Times* remarks: "... at biting range, even two university-trained engineers seem unlikely to have taken any other animal for a monkey."



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE IMPRESSIONS MADE BY A LANGUR AND A BEAR: THE "SNOWMAN'S" FOOTPRINT, 12½ INS. LONG, FOUND BY MR. ERIC SHIPTON DURING HIS EXPLORATORY EXPEDITION TO MOUNT EVEREST IN 1951.

Photograph by Mr. Eric Sipton reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of December 15, 1951.



A POSSIBLE CLAIMANT TO THE TITLE OF "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN": NO. 1—THE RED OR ISABELLINE BEAR.

A long tradition among the inhabitants of the Himalayan region concerns the presence of a large and terrifying man-like creature. In recent years this has been given the now familiar name of "Abominable Snowman." Local legends have received support during the last thirty years by, first, reports of tracks in the snow brought back by members of expeditions to the Himalayas, and later by actual photographs of the tracks. To date, no firm evidence has been brought back of the physical existence of the beings responsible for the tracks, but since the tracks occur at great heights in the Himalayan regions the number of animals likely to have caused them can be limited to four; and of these, the fourth would be some species, probably anthropoid, as yet unknown. (See Dr. Burton's article on the facing page.) The other three

claimants are shown on this and on the following two pages. The Isabelline bear (shown above) is a variety of the brown bear (*Ursus arctos*). It has a paler coat than the typical brown bear, and it lives in Kashmir and the western Himalayas. Although living at these greater heights, its appearance and habits differ little from those of other brown bears. When on all fours, its normal mode of progression, it measures 3 ft. at the shoulder, but its total height when erect is about 8 ft. The hind-foot measures 8 ins. long by 4 ins. across. Although all bears are capable of assuming an erect posture, none does so habitually, nor is capable of walking in this position except with difficulty, although it has been suggested that the tracks found by Himalayan climbers might be caused by bears walking upright.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



SUSPECT NO. 2: THE TIBETAN LANGUR, WHICH SOME CLAIM TO BE NONE OTHER THAN THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN."

The snub-nosed monkey, or Tibetan langur (*Rhinopithecus roxellanae*), has also been suggested as the animal responsible for the man-like footprints in the snow of the high passes. It is more properly an inhabitant of the high-altitude forests of Tibet and south-west China (Szechwan), occupying approximately the same range as the giant panda, and like it feeding on bamboo shoots. Its dense coat is a rich olive flecked with golden yellow, and the undersides

of the limbs are ochreous. This monkey has not been encountered by any of the expeditions to Mount Everest, but elsewhere it is known to live at higher altitudes and in colder regions than any other monkey. Its normal habitat is, however, forested regions where for six months in the year there may be deep snow. Its size and method of progression is similar to that of the Himalayan langur, which is shown on the facing page.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



SUSPECT NO. 3: THE HIMALAYAN LANGUR, WHICH MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN" FOOTPRINTS.

Langurs are soft-haired monkeys of which the largest is the Himalayan langur (*Presbytis entellus schistaceus*). Related to the Hanuman monkey of the plains, it is sacred to many Hindus and lives at heights of 5000 to 12,000 ft., from Kashmir to Bhutan. It is often seen leaping among snow-covered rocks. Its coat is an ashy-brown, and its face black. The Himalayan langur has a height of 2 ft. 6 ins. when squatting, and a well-grown male will weigh up to

46 lb. Its hind-foot measures 8 ins. long and 2 ins. wide. Progression over the ground is on all fours, in a bounding movement, with hands and feet registering. Since the feet are placed on the ground close together, it is possible that in the snow a monkey of this kind could produce a line of what looked like single tracks. It has been suggested that it is this animal which provides the answer to the identity of the "Abominable Snowman."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

ART IN LONDON: A CONSTABLE DISCOVERY; AND FOUR CURRENT EXHIBITIONS.



(Above.)
"THUNDER CLOUDS"; IN
THE EXHIBITION OF WATER-
COLOURS AND DRAWINGS BY
EILEEN YOUNG AT THE
WALKER'S GALLERIES.
(Water-colour; 9½ by 13½ ins.)



"BEECH TREES," BY EILEEN YOUNG. THIS GIFTED ARTIST IN WATER-COLOURS HERSELF COLLECTS EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS. (Water-colour; 10 by 14½ ins.) There are some forty works in the exhibition of water-colours and drawings by Eileen Young, which continues at the Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, until November 12. It is in her rendering of skies and clouds that this artist is at her best, though she is also most successful at capturing the atmosphere of distant landscape. Mrs. Young, herself a collector of English water-colours, is strongly influenced by J. M. W. Turner and Wilson Steer.

(Right.)
"THE OLD HALL, EAST
BERGHOLT"; JOHN CON-
STABLE'S EARLIEST IMPOR-
TANT COMMISSIONED WORK,
WHICH IS NOW HAVING ITS
FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING AT
THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT
MUSEUM.

(Oil on canvas; 29 by 42 ins.)

In his diary for July 1801, Joseph Farington recorded in considerable detail a painting of the Old Hall at East Bergholt, which the twenty-five-year-old Constable had been commissioned to paint by Mr. John Reade, the squire of his Suffolk village. The existence of this important painting was hitherto known only to the circle of the family who now own it, themselves direct descendants of Mr. Peter Godfrey, who owned Old Hall after Mr. Reade. The Misses Muriel and Kathleen Gore have lent this painting to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it will be exhibited in Room 10 for about six months.



"GIRL WITH GEESE," BY CAMILLE PISSARRO. PAINTED IN 1890 AT THE END OF HIS POINTILLIST PERIOD. (Gouache on silk; 8 by 6½ ins.)

An exhibition of drawings, water-colours and the complete etched work of Camille Pissarro (1830-1903) is to be seen at the O'Hana Gallery, 13, Carlos Place, W.1, until November 10. This exhibition includes a group of works lent from the Pissarro Bequest by the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Among these is a portrait of his son Lucien.



"PORTRAIT OF DORA MAAR," BY PABLO PICASSO, WHO CELEBRATED HIS 75TH BIRTHDAY ON OCTOBER 25. (Lead Pencil; 16½ by 12 ins.)

"Picasso, Himself" is the title of the most interesting exhibition arranged by Roland Penrose to mark the artist's seventy-fifth birthday. This may be seen at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18, Dover Street, W.1, until December 8. The exhibition—consisting of works of art, photographs and documents—reveals Picasso through his own and his friends' eyes.



"AVENUE AT ST. REMY"; IN THE DAVID ROLT EXHIBITION AT THE HAZLITT GALLERY.

(Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)

The Hazlitt Gallery, 4, Ryder Street, St. James's, is showing its fourth exhibition of paintings and drawings by David Rolt until November 23. The exhibition contains mostly landscapes, a number of which were painted in the area round Abbeville, on the Somme, and elsewhere in France. There are also four portraits, three of them of children.

PERSONALITIES
AND OCCASIONS
OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE AND
EVENTS OF NOTE.



APPOINTED BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE
ON THE N. ATLANTIC COUNCIL:
SIR FRANK ROBERTS.

Sir Frank Roberts, who is at present British Ambassador to Yugoslavia, is to be permanent British representative on the North Atlantic Council. Sir Robert was formerly Deputy High Commissioner (U.K.) in India, and following that was Deputy Under Secretary of State, Foreign Office, in 1951-4.



NEW HEADMASTER OF RUGBY:
MR. WALTER HAMILTON.

Mr. Walter Hamilton, head master of Westminster School since 1950, has been appointed to succeed Sir Arthur Forde as headmaster of Rugby School from September 1, 1957. Mr. Hamilton, who is at present chairman of the Headmasters' Conference, was an assistant master at Eton College from 1933-46, being master in college during the last nine years.



A GREAT GERMAN PIANIST DIES:
HERR WALTER GIESECKING.

Herr Walter Giesecking, the great German pianist, died in hospital in London, at the age of sixty, on October 26. He had recently arrived in England to make gramophone recordings. Walter Giesecking, who had had a French upbringing, was unexcelled as an interpreter of the music of Debussy and Ravel and was also well known for his playing of Mozart.



A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN THE
FOOTBALL WORLD:
THE LATE MR. T. WHITTAKER.

Mr. Tom Whittaker, who was secretary-manager of the Arsenal Football Club since 1947, died in a London hospital, at the age of fifty-nine, on October 24. Mr. Whittaker had been associated with the Arsenal club for thirty-seven years and was a great authority on all aspects of football.



NEW AMBASSADOR TO JORDAN:
MR. C. H. JOHNSTON.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. C. H. Johnston as Ambassador in Amman, in succession to Sir Charles Duke, it was announced on October 19. Mr. Johnston has been Counsellor at the British Embassy in Bonn since 1955 and Counsellor at the Foreign Office since 1951.



THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS: THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER.

The main emphasis in Vice-President Richard Nixon's campaign speeches has been on the success of the Eisenhower administration in bringing peace, prosperity and "morality in Government" to the American people. He has not been attacking the Democrats in his former very forthright manner, and he has been making promises such as "to double everyone's standard of living in ten years." Senator Estes Kefauver, who earlier this year made a bold statement against segregation, calling himself a "twentieth-century Southerner," has been amusing his audiences by sarcastic jokes about Mr. Nixon's promises of fantastic future prosperity.

Photograph of Mr. Nixon by Karsh, Ottawa.



THE REPUBLICAN VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE:
VICE-PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON.



THE PILOT WHO "SHOT HIMSELF DOWN": MR. T. ATTRIDGE.

On October 25 it was reported that a new U.S. Navy jet fighter, diving at supersonic speed, had shot itself down by running into cannon shells which it had fired a few seconds previously, the shells having been retarded by wind resistance. The aircraft made a crash-landing, and the pilot escaped with injuries.



CELEBRATING HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY: PABLO PICASSO, THE FAMOUS ARTIST, DURING A BIRTHDAY PARTY AT HIS HOME IN VALLAURIS, FRANCE.

Pablo Picasso was born at Malaga, in Spain, on October 25, 1881. His seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated by a party at his home near Cannes, where he has done his latest work, including the striking ceramic figures which stand in the garden. To mark his birthday in London an exhibition entitled "Picasso, Himself" is being shown at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, until December 8.



ON A FIVE-DAY VISIT TO BRITAIN: THE PRIME MINISTER OF NORWAY, HR. EINAR GERHARDSEN, AND HIS WIFE SEEN ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT.

The Prime Minister of Norway, Hr. Gerhardsen, arrived by air in London on October 28 at the start of a five-day courtesy visit to Britain at the invitation of Sir Anthony Eden. During the visit he was to see various examples of British industry and welfare activities, and to visit Rugby, Coventry and Harwell. In a written statement, he said that he wished to make important personal contacts in Britain.

POLAND'S NEW ERA: YUGOSLAV DELEGATES; AND WIDESPREAD SUPPORT FOR MR. GOMULKA.



(Above.)
A YUGOSLAV PARLIAM-
ENTARY DELEGA-
TION IN POLAND: MR.
GOMULKA (SECOND
FROM RIGHT) AND
MR. ZAWADSKI
(THIRD FROM LEFT)
AT A MEETING WITH
MEMBERS OF THE
DELEGATION.



ARMY APPROVAL FOR THE NEW REGIME: POLISH STAFF OFFICERS
APPLAUDING DURING A MEETING HELD AT STAFF HEADQUARTERS.



(Right.)
AT AN ARMY MASS
MEETING IN WARSAW
ON OCTOBER 22:
OFFICERS AND MEN
LISTEN ATTENTIVELY
BEFORE PLEDGING
THEIR SUPPORT FOR
MR. GOMULKA AND
THE NEW POLITBURO.



ONE OF MANY MEETINGS HELD TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE NEW POLITBURO:
WORKERS IN A FACTORY NEAR CRACOW APPLAUD DURING THEIR MEETING.



ADDRESSING A MASS MEETING AT DANZIG ON OCTOBER 22: MR. WLADYSLAW
MATWIN, A MEMBER OF THE NEW SECRETARIAT OF THE POLITBURO.

The widespread support given to Mr. Gomulka's régime throughout Poland was reflected at mass meetings of workers, Army personnel and others which were held on October 22 and 23 to acknowledge the changes in the Politburo. At many of these meetings strong anti-Soviet opinions were expressed. On October 23 there was a complete change in the Russian reaction to the Polish situation. The earlier threats of military intervention were replaced by agreement with Mr. Gomulka's policy and by an invitation

to him and to the new Polish Prime Minister, Mr. Cyrankiewicz, to visit Moscow. In his Warsaw speech of October 24, Mr. Gomulka announced the withdrawal of all Russian troops from Poland. He is reported to have made the complete withdrawal of these troops a condition of his acceptance of the invitation to visit Moscow. In the meantime Mr. Gomulka was consolidating his return to power in Poland, and people loyal to him were being placed in the key positions in party, government and trade unions.



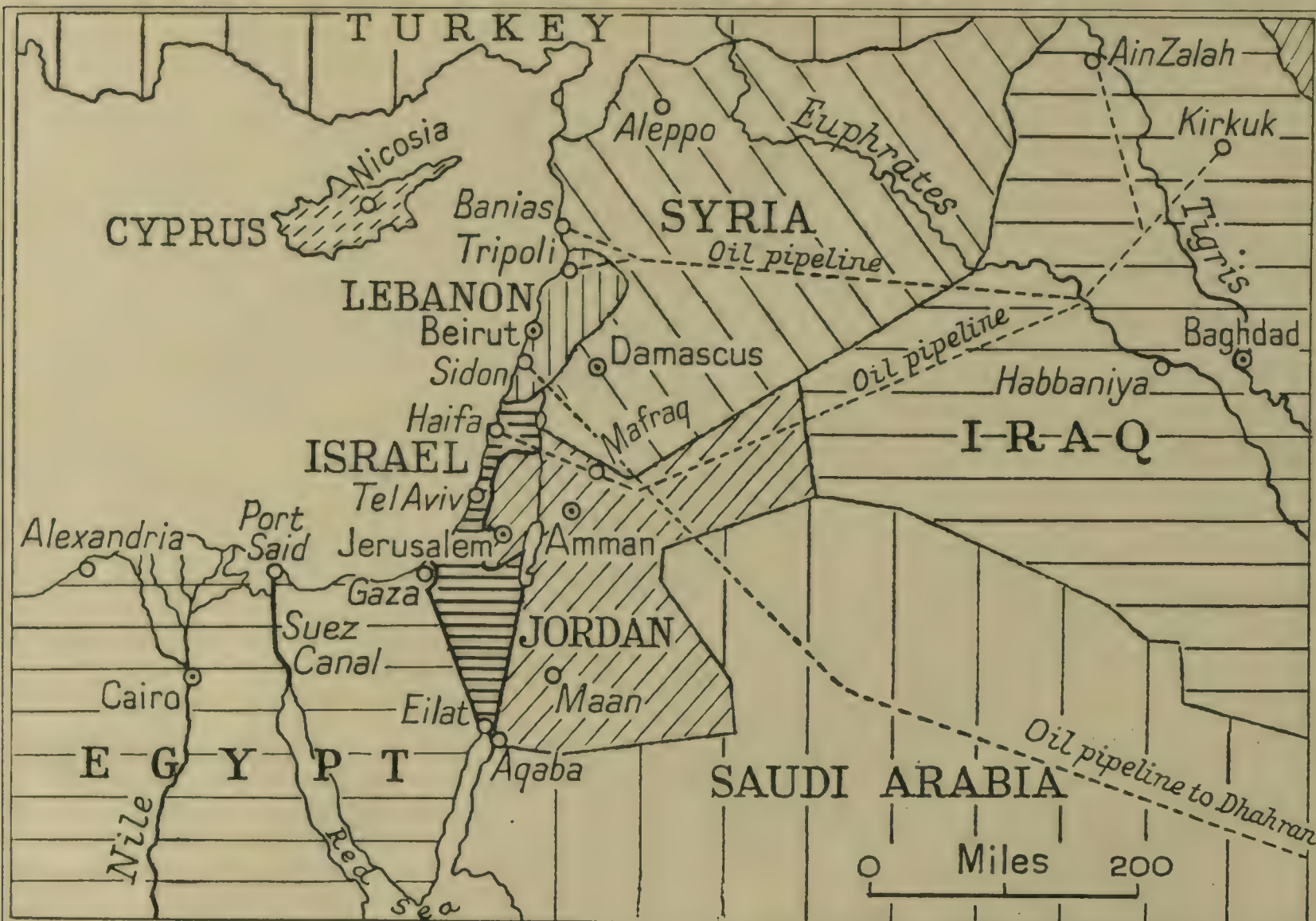
ADDRESSING A MASS RALLY IN WARSAW: MR. GOMULKA, THE NEWLY-ELECTED FIRST SECRETARY OF THE POLISH UNITED WORKERS' PARTY.



PART OF THE HUGE WARSAW CROWD, ESTIMATED AT OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION, WHICH GATHERED TO HEAR AND ACCLAIM MR. GOMULKA. THE NEW ERA IN POLAND: WARSAW ACCLAIMS MR. GOMULKA, THE LEADER AND SYMBOL OF POLAND'S INDEPENDENCE.

The complete success of Mr. Gomulka's return to power as the symbol of Poland's reaction against Russian domination was strikingly demonstrated when the new leader addressed a huge mass meeting in Warsaw on October 24. A crowd estimated at over 250,000 gathered in the square outside Warsaw's House of Science and Culture, from the balcony of which Mr. Gomulka addressed them. The crowd—believed to be the largest ever to have gathered in Warsaw—loudly cheered Mr. Gomulka and listened attentively to his speech. Mr. Gomulka assured his audience that Soviet

troops would quickly be removed from Poland, but he warned them that all anti-Soviet agitation must now stop. Poland had no quarrel with Russia, but would co-operate with that country on grounds of equality and mutual confidence. Despite Mr. Gomulka's pleas thousands of youths demonstrated that evening in sympathy with the Hungarian revolt against Russian oppression. On the day of Mr. Gomulka's speech it was also announced that the Polish general elections had been postponed from December 16 to January 20. The new electoral law is to revive the secret ballot.



The military strengths and armaments of the main countries shown in the map above are estimated to be:—

EGYPT

Total military strength 100,000. The Army comprises three divisions and an armoured formation. Slightly less than half the Army's fighting units are in Sinai.

Armour: 150-200 Valentines and 150 Sher-mans; all of doubtful value. Thirty-two Mark III Centurions; 50 Joseph Stalin IIIs, with 122 mm. guns (roughly comparable to the early marks of the Centurion); 150 Russian T34s, with 85 mm. guns; 40 French light tanks; 100 Czech armoured troop carriers.

Artillery: British 17-pounder anti-tank guns, Russian anti-tank weapons, and field guns equivalent to the British 25-pounder.

Aircraft: 80 Meteor and Vampire fighters. About 90 Russian MIG 15s and 50 IL 28s (Russian twin-jet bombers).

ISRAEL

By full mobilization the Israel army can be expanded into about 16 brigade groups, and includes parachute formations. Total strength of the defence forces after general mobilization, about 250,000.

Armour.—French MX13 tanks and 75mm. guns, and Shermans.

Artillery.—Six-pounder and 17-pounder anti-tank guns; 25-pounder 105mm. and 155mm. field guns. French anti-tank

guided missiles (the SS10) are on order and some may have been delivered.

Aircraft.—Two squadrons of Meteors; P51 Mustangs; at least 24 French Mystère jets and some French Ouragan jet fighters; 24 Sabre jets on order from Canada, some of which may have been delivered; C47s for transport and parachute formations. Three Flying Fortress bombers, and Mosquito fighter bombers.

JORDAN

The Jordan army—formerly the Arab Legion—comprises one infantry division and an armoured formation. There is a National Guard of about 30,000 men, some units of which were embodied earlier this year.

Armour.—Two armoured car regiments and one regiment of Challenger tanks, used as self-propelled anti-tank guns.

Aircraft.—Seventeen Vampires.

IRAQ

Iraqi army of three divisions, being expanded to four.

Armour.—Centurion tanks and Ferret scout cars.

Aircraft.—Three squadrons Sea Furies, one squadron Vampires, one squadron Venoms.

SYRIA

Army of about 25,000 of doubtful value; Syria's main use to the Arab countries is probably as a clearing house for armaments.



THE ISRAELI INVADERS OF EGYPT: STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN AND EQUIPMENT OF THE ISRAEL ARMY; AND THE PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF DEFENCE, MR. BEN-GURION.

Late on October 29 it was announced in Tel Aviv that Israeli forces were marching towards Suez, that Egyptian bases in the El Kuntilla and Ras el Akab area had been attacked, and that positions west of the Nakhl road junction, towards the Suez Canal, had been occupied. The depth of penetration of the Israeli forces into Egyptian territory at this point was about

50 miles; but early on October 30 Israel Government sources stated that their troops had reached a point some 18 miles east of Suez. The attack, an Israel Army announcement stated, was necessitated by continuous military attacks on Israel land and sea communications, designed to "cause destruction and deprive the people of Israel of the possibility of peaceful existence."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MESSINA AND ROME.

By J. C. TREWIN.

BEATRICE is lying back upon an orchard seat on that Messina afternoon, a hat tilted over her eyes. Suddenly, then, the garden is full of guests headed by Don Pedro of Arragon. And Signior Mountanto, Benedick himself, is back from the wars with a Merry War still to fight.

As the comedy, born under a dancing star, moved across the Old Vic stage in the rhythms of Denis Carey's production, I realised that I had not met it at the Old Vic since 1934. At first, little of that revival recurred to me; then I did think of one peculiarly horrible low-comedy backcloth. I went at once to the late Herbert Farjeon's collected criticisms to see if he had recorded it, and there, sure enough, it was: "As for the treatment of Dogberry and his watchmen, I will limit myself to recording the fact that they enter in front of a backcloth of roofs and chimneys with cats dangling watches and a general air of Mickey Mousery that savours of the sort of comic picture-postcard one would blush to receive even from one's old nurse."

I will not rub ancient scars. Maurice Evans, I do recall, was the Benedick, and though he acted much else of more note during that 1934-35 season (Benedick could not have appealed to him as some of his parts did), it is a pleasure merely to write the name of one of the best actors of his day, one we lost irretrievably to New York at the end of his Vic period. Evans conquered New York with his Richard the Second—just as, I am most happy to report, John Neville, with the Old Vic's tourists, is conquering now. Neville, over here, has been a much under-valued actor: I hope he comes back.

It could not have been merely a memory of the 1934 backcloth that kept "Much Ado About Nothing" from the Old Vic stage for so long. The comedy, for some reason, was put into a corner, while at Stratford-upon-Avon it was always at stage centre. "Much Ado" has been, indeed, Stratford's play. It was acted there on a night of drenching rain at the opening of the first Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in 1879, with Barry Sullivan as Benedick and Helen Faucit as Beatrice. The Governors chose it fifty years later for the jubilee Birthday Play (this special play, and I regret it, is an institution that has since been cut from the Stratford calendar).

In 1950 we had the Gielgud production which, in its various manifestations during the last years, has been the definitive revival of its time. The trouble with any overwhelming performance is that it is bound to overshadow future revivals. However hard one tries, somewhere in the back of one's mind there is a busy imp of comparison; and I have no doubt that the imp was hard at work on the first night of the Old Vic's "Much Ado."

A pity, I think, because Denis Carey's production has qualities that should not be brushed off. It is not, shall I say, a swooningly delicate "Much Ado," but it has a consistent style of its own, good-humoured and sensible, and its invention is alert. (No funny backcloths.) I like Mr. Carey's approach to Shakespeare; but here, it seems to me, his cast is not fully equipped for a "Much Ado." Keith Michell is a buoyant, swashing actor, a friendly Benedick rather than an exciting one; not a performance that stayed with me on the way home, set the text moving again through the memory. Barbara Jefford, a distinguished player, has her invariable poise and spirit, but I felt too often at first that she was playing Katharina, not Beatrice, and that this—in her mind—was Padua rather than Messina. Agreed, disdain and scorn rode sparkling in her eyes, but was it not Kate's disdain? Miss Jefford is so good an actress that I am sure Beatrice will come to her when she relaxes a little.

Elsewhere, I think more of felicities of grouping and movement than of individual performances. Derek Francis knows his Leonato, but he seems to be shy of the Church speeches for which few actors in my recollection have done much. John Humphry's main claim to memory is that (as a colleague reminded me) he might have sat for Hals as a youthful laughing cavalier. The Watch,

though directed resourcefully, raised less laughter than usual—I believe, because Dudley Jones is a Dogberry in miniature: he lacks the man's comic abundance. My favourite here was Verges (John Morris), gentle, white-haired, a meditative amateur antiquarian maybe, certainly not the squeaking puppet we have had in the part so often.

I am glad that, elsewhere, Mr. Carey saw that his masquers were for once masked, and that when wine was needed, it duly appeared as liquid. Tiny points, very tiny; but there is often a sort of too careless make-believe that can bother the observer. And another note. I am always ready to collect new Shakespearean characters, and here, at the Vic, is Antonio's son that "hath... provided the music." A diffident young man, but how pleasant to meet him—a new face in Messina!

During an interval I found myself in debate on the famous exchange in the Church scene, Benedick's "Come, bid me do anything for thee," followed by Beatrice's "Kill Claudio!" and Benedick's "Ha! not for the wide world!" It has become traditional to avoid a laugh on this. Miss Jefford and Mr. Michell keep clear by carefully judging their pauses. A distinguished colleague argued plausibly at the Vic that Shakespeare intended the laugh to come, and indeed the lines do sound pat enough. But I still hold that if the house laughs, the genuine emotion of the scene is dispersed, Benedick flicks back to a figure of artificial comedy, and Beatrice will have to struggle to get the right hearing for "Is a' not approved in the height a villain?" The matter is arguable; but, for my part, I dread the laugh.

I have just seen at the Birmingham Repertory another difficult play to manage—"Coriolanus," with its extraordinary timelessness, its battle between Right and Left, or what Masefield has called the clash of the aristocratic temper with the world. It is difficult because, very soon, the dramatist coils himself in a set of battle scenes round Corioli that must leave any uninformed spectator in doubt over the manoeuvring: one wants a military correspondent at one's elbow. Many later speeches have a curiously knotted texture that renders them difficult to speak and to hear. For all that, the play develops a compelling drive. Its great scenes, the expulsion of Coriolanus, the revelation to Aufidius at Antium, and the Supplication, can take any theatre if they are even moderately acted. At the Birmingham Repertory (where settings and costumes are stylised to emphasise the play's timelessness) the scenes are done very well indeed. This is thanks to the guidance of Bernard Hepton (always ready to let Shakespeare speak without nudging), Geoffrey Taylor's sharp attack, the way in which Nancie Jackson can embody the dignity and power of Volumnia without turning the part to a battleaxe-cum-dragon, and (in the Antium scene) the ability of a young actor, Albert Finney, to listen with eloquence.

The performance, which has the benefit of Geoffrey Bayldon's Menenius, subtly-considered, will

be better still when the company, its early self-consciousness overcome, is acting at full pressure. In the theatre to-day we need a sustained, an exciting drive: I have noticed in several places that a "throw-away" method is again dangerously obtrusive.

At another Repertory Theatre, Guildford, I met a good, unassuming play, "The Darling Set" (by an actor, Douglas Rae) about a group of characters he has studied carefully and presented sharply. I liked the young actor—Alec McCowen had the right eagerness and "edginess"—who must choose between the life of West Kensington and of Park Lane. The last curtain will shock many playgoers; but the piece has craft, and we can say that the dramatist, like Beatrice elsewhere, "apprehends passing shrewdly."



AT THE OLD VIC FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1934: "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," SHOWING BARBARA JEFFORD, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF BEATRICE, AND KEITH MICHELL, WHO IS BENEDICK.



"DENIS CAREY'S PRODUCTION HAS QUALITIES THAT SHOULD NOT BE BRUSHED OFF": "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," SHOWING THE CHURCH SCENE, WITH (CENTRE) CLAUDIO (JOHN FRASER) AND HERO (JACQUELINE ELLIS).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE DARLING SET" (Guildford).—Good, unpretentious play of a young actor's dilemma. (October 15-20.)
- "THE THREE CASKETS" (Players).—A brief operetta (by Peter Greenwell and Gordon Snell) that is a joke at the expense of Portia's problems. (October 22.)
- "THE ADDING MACHINE" (Vanbrugh).—R.A.D.A. students in Elmer Rice's expressionist play. (October 22.)
- "CORIOLANUS" (Birmingham Repertory).—An impressive revival of the difficult Roman tragedy. (October 23.)
- "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (Old Vic).—Denis Carey's production of the Merry War (and other matters) in Messina. (October 23.)
- "HEARTS AND FACES" (Arts).—Rosalinde Fuller's protean programme. (October 30—November 4.)
- SPANISH DANCE THEATRE (Princes).—Luisillo and his company. (Oct. 31.)
- "THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN" (Royal Court).—Dame Peggy Ashcroft in Bertolt Brecht's play. (October 31.)
- "THE DAVE KING SHOW" (Hippodrome).—(November 1.)



GALINA ULANOVA (CENTRE), IN "GISELLE"—THE BALLET WHICH WAS GIVEN BEFORE THE QUEEN AT COVENT GARDEN ON OCTOBER 25.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "GISELLE," WHEN THE BALLET WAS BEING PERFORMED IN THE EARLY HOURS OF OCT. 26 FOR THE MAKING OF A COLOUR FILM.

THE CLIMAX TO THE BOLSHOI BALLET'S SEASON IN LONDON: "GISELLE" PERFORMED BEFORE THE QUEEN.

On October 25 Ulanova danced in a performance at Covent Garden of "Giselle" at which the Queen was present. Originally the ballet "Fountain of Bakhchisarai" was to have been performed before the Queen on this occasion, but this was later changed to "Giselle," which has proved to be a great favourite during the Bolshoi Ballet's London season. On October 27 Ulanova danced for the last time during the Covent Garden season of the Bolshoi Ballet and present on this occasion were Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia. The applause at the

end of the performance was so prolonged that, to end it, the safety curtain had to be lowered. Even after this, the acclamation continued until Ulanova appeared again. Since October 3, when the season began, about 55,000 people had visited Covent Garden. After the performance on October 25, the whole ballet was performed once again, starting at 2.30 and ending just after 6 a.m., to enable a colour film to be made. This occasion marked the closing of weeks of strenuous activity on the part of dancers, musicians, stage hands and theatre staff.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



THAT GIRL.

By ALAN DENT.

MISS MONROE will go far, and as an actress she has far to go. In the film called "Bus Stop"—adapted by George Axelrod from the play of the same name by William Inge, who wrote "Picnic"—she certainly progresses a stage on her journey. It emerges that she has some talent.

She is an individual, but she is also part of a cycle that throws up an exemplary phenomenon every generation or so. Thirty years ago and more there was a certain and assured little actress called Clara Bow, and someone with a talent for nomenclature decided to tell the world that Miss Bow had it, and the world at once vociferously agreed. Sifting about among the particles and the indefinite pronouns, one might similarly decide that what Miss Monroe possesses is That, and that That is the thing of which she makes the uttermost.

But there is a shorter word for it still. When a superlative comedienne died in 1920, a great critic wrote of her:—"Réjane's acting showed us the most primitive and physical of emotions worked up to their last subtleties of acquired finesse. Her genius was sex bejewelled with every invention of cunning and charm that in civilised history—perhaps long before—the instinct has forged for its armoury, so that you felt she was the last, up to date, of the line of Helen and Sappho and Queen Cleopatra and Mary Stuart, and all the women famous in history for womanishness. The craft which spoke in her voice and her eyes was the sum and perfection of what, in all but the most noble ages, most men have wished women to have instead of high intellect."

Those who may be interested in the processes of fine writing should note here with what consummate skill C. E. Montague, penning his description of Réjane for the *Manchester Guardian*, knew how to wrap up that single small "mighty atom" of a word, sex, smuggling it—as it were—to the delighted reader with all kinds of extraneous and yet relevant wrappings. Why, I myself know as well as anybody how difficult this could be in a superb newspaper whose editing has always been guarded as well as astute! Figure my dismay when, as London drama critic of that great organ between 1935 and 1943, I reviewed a revival of that wonderful Elizabethan play, John Ford's "Tis Pity She's A Whore," and found, when I opened my *Guardian* next day, that the play's

straightest possible line across the map which has taken her through Dallas, Texas, to Phoenix, Arizona, itself. The young cowboy's name is Bo, which as he blushing explains is short for "Beauregard," and this in turn he bashfully

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MARILYN MONROE AS CHERIE AND DON MURRAY AS BO DECKER IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX CINEMA-SCOPE PRODUCTION OF "BUS STOP."

In choosing these two stars, Alan Dent writes: "The dual performance of Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray in 'Bus Stop' is the best thing of its sort for many a long day. The plot of the film might be described as a kind of taming of a show-girl by a cowboy Petruchio. But the point of the heroine is not so much shrewishness as a kind of false gentility which makes her find her wooer's manners offensively boisterous. Miss Monroe is definitely more convincing as a ludicrously bad saloon-singer with aspirations to Hollywood than as a young woman surprised into recognition of a genuine devotion. But Mr. Murray is excellent throughout with no qualification, and the two inter-act quite fascinatingly well."

Montana. She is all but swept off her feet. She is even lassoed by him when she attempts to run away, for instinctively he deals with this strange little scented animal, this his first girl, as he has all his life dealt with rank steers and mad horses and other things he has had to tame. But before this Bo has tamed his Cherie, he is tamed himself, or at least curbed, by a sound thrashing at the hands of the bus-driver (handsomely played by Robert Bray) who is driving the party back to Montana.

This cure occurs at a bus-stop café called Gracie's Diner. Gracie herself (insinuatingly well played by Betty Field) is on the verge of a realistic but not entirely unromantic affair with the bus-driver himself; and the atmosphere of this snug halt is almost as well conveyed by the film's director, Joshua Logan, as is the rodeo rowdiness and the stillness of the long, straight, snowy road that leads towards it and away from it. Very near the end of the film are two of the largest close-ups that can ever have been made. In the one the heads of Bo and Cherie are seen in horizontal ecstasy, and here Mr. Murray plays well enough to bring a throb or two of emotion out of Miss Monroe. In the other the hugely magnified head is that of Miss Monroe alone—exquisitely pretty and warm, clear-eyed, and with a touchingly beautiful mouth, but utterly innocent of any expressiveness or of anything that could be called any kind of emotion whatever. Here, at what should be the film's emotional culmination, this starry, dewy, devastating little creature registers nothing but a complete and utter blank. Mr. Murray has won the duel, hands down, though it need hardly be added that in all the funny, affected, and blissfully self-conscious parts of her rôle she is quite inimitable.

This film was flanked when I saw it on one side by a trailer reminding us that "The King and I" is just about the most enjoyable musical film ever made, and on the other by a short film called "Honeymoon Paradise." This last one says that the Niagara Falls, the Rockies, and Sun Valley, in Idaho, are the ideal places in North America for honeymooners. The commentary was so bent upon not being facetious that it fell into the other extreme of being pompous. I reflected, throughout the splash of Niagara, that Wilde had said the last words on this subject. Asked to



WHILE HER BOISTEROUS SUITOR BO IS SOUNDLY THRASHED BY HIS RIVAL OUTSIDE, CHERIE DOES HER BEST TO PACIFY THE TWO CHILDREN: A SCENE FROM "BUS STOP," WHICH IS IN EASTMAN COLOUR. (LONDON PREMIERE; CARLTON CINEMA, OCTOBER 18.)



A FULL-SPEED ROMANCE IN THE BUS-STOP CAFE "GRACIE'S DINER": BO (DON MURRAY, RIGHT) EXPLAINS TO HIS FRIEND VIRGE (ARTHUR O'CONNELL) THAT HE HAS FOUND HIS "ANGEL" IN CHERIE (MARILYN MONROE). "BUS STOP," BASED ON THE PLAY BY WILLIAM INGE, IS DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN.

title had been chillingly shortened to "Tis Pity." But all this is, of course, strictly incidental.

Let us return to Miss Monroe's progress. The name of her latest featherhead is Cherie (which her cowboy lover insists on pronouncing as Cherry). He has come all the way from Montana to Phoenix, Arizona, to take part in a rodeo, and she is on her way from her birthplace which was Ozark, Alabama, to Los Angeles and Hollywood—in the

interprets as "the French for good-looking, see?" Our Cherie sees, but the young man's manners are much too loud and oafish for her. She cannot cope with his whirlwind wooing except with little shrieks and squeals of protest.

At his first sight of her she is singing a familiar song about "that old black magic" to a restive audience which is shouted into silence by the loud young man who suddenly leaps in from

agree at least that the waterfalls were wonderful, he made the almost Johnsonian rejoinder:—"The wonder would be if the water did not fall." It was, it appears, on some later occasion that he uttered his altogether more characteristic sentence:—"Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life."

MOUNTAINS AND RAILWAYS IN MINIATURE: A SPECTACULAR SWISS MODEL RAILWAY.



A SPECTACULAR MODEL RAILWAY IN ZÜRICH: THE LAYOUT PLAN OF THE MORGENSONNE SCALE MODEL OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND RAILWAY.



A MINIATURE TRAIN IN A MINIATURE CUTTING: ONE OF THE MODEL LOCOMOTIVES WHICH IS POWERED BY ELECTRICITY FROM THE OVERHEAD WIRES.



A BUSY SCENE IN "KANDERSTEG STATION": SOME OF THE ROLLING-STOCK WHICH TRAVELS ALONG THE 460 YARDS OF DOUBLE-TRACK LINE.

Visitors to Zürich need only to go to a building next to that city's zoo to get a striking impression of some of the loveliest scenery of the Bernese Oberland, which is, in fact, nearly a hundred miles distant. The Morgensonne model railway, which has been largely constructed by a Swiss engine-driver, gives a realistic impression of sections of the Bernese Oberland, with all the railways and funiculars in that part of Switzerland. In an area of nearly 2500 sq. ft. are shown in miniature some of Switzerland's most magnificent

Photographs by Peter Hausmann and Willy Wulschleger.



A SECTION OF THE MODEL RAILWAY AS VISITORS SEE IT FROM ONE OF THE OBSERVATION ROOMS: ON THE LEFT IS "KANDERSTEG STATION," WHILE TO THE RIGHT OF THE "LAKE OF BRIENZ" IS THE STATION OF "INTERLAKEN EAST."



THE "BLUE ARROW" ON THE "BALTSCHIEDER VIADUCT": ANOTHER OF THE MAGNIFICENT VIEWS ON THIS MOST REALISTIC SWISS MODEL RAILWAY.

mountains—including the Finsteraarhorn, the Mönch and the Jungfrau—and running among them some of the most carefully-planned mountain railways in the world, including the Jungfrau railway winding its way up to the Jungfraujoch, where there is the highest railway station in Europe, at 11,721 feet above sea-level. The panorama is made of cement and natural stones. Much of the rolling-stock consists of scale models of engines and carriages used on these stretches of the Swiss railways.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

LOOKING forward to novelists is usually an unwise indulgence, and indeed a sure way to be disappointed; but with some the hazard is almost nil. They are not necessarily the creative giants; it is a question of kind as well as merit. And we have a perfect example in "Homecomings," by C. P. Snow (Macmillan; 15s.). This is probably not the best of the Lewis Eliot series. It covers about ten years, which include the war; and the centre is Lewis himself in middle age. In this period, his first wife's tragedy is played out. After an interval, he meets his true match—if he is equal to a true match. It seems not, and she bestows herself on the runner-up. Four years later, though she has now a child, they decide to marry after all, and—after another interval—achieve a true union by the skin of their teeth. This theme is combined with bits and pieces from his career in the world. There are shots of Paul Lufkin the tycoon, Beville the Minister, Rose the top-grade civil servant. There is a new social type—old-Bloomsbury, represented by Margaret's father. There are a couple of revenants—George Passant, and Sheila's father: and one or two sub-episodes, to coin a term. And meanwhile, Lewis has gradually turned away from power and towards writing.

So the novel is obviously important and perhaps crucial in the series. But its individual flaws are equally obvious. It has neither the biographical unity and tension of "Time of Hope," nor the dramatic unity and tension of "The Masters" or "The New Men"; if anything so solid and amply-conceived can be so called, it must be called scrappy. And there is a further snag, which is the love-interest. This writer can't make women charming. Sheila was a partial exception; by sheer dint of her neurosis, she transmitted a bleak, grating kind of charm. Whereas the happier Margaret is a blank—at most and worst, a genteel blank; and it is vain to make acute psychological observations about nonentities.

Yet nothing of this can spoil the book; one may get as far as *expecting* to be disappointed, but it remains impossible. First, because of the social panorama: the spheres of power and "business" (in the archaic sense) of which Lewis Eliot is consciously the "Marcel"—though with the distinction that Marcel was never going to be a Guermantes. And secondly, because of the author's company. This last seems to me the irresistible factor. We are in touch with a mind so large, reasonable and sympathetic that it is always enough to be going on with.

OTHER FICTION.

In contrast, "A Certain Smile," by Françoise Sagan (John Murray; 8s. 6d.), might be described as an inch of ivory, but for the Jane Austen connotation (admittedly her own fault). I mean the hand and subject are ultra-feminine, the scale is tiny, and the narrator's "world" limited to the Sorbonne—which appears half-sheepishly in the background. For Dominique, though vain of being young, is no less sophistication-ridden than the heroine of "Bonjour Tristesse," with which, of course, the author burst into fame as an infant prodigy. However, this new attempt is a great advance. For one thing, the plot is simpler. Dominique is having a congenial and friendly love-affair with a fellow-student—without prejudice to her ennui. Then Bernard takes her to see his middle-aged Uncle Luc. In due course, the uncle suggests a week at Cannes, without prejudice to his kind and charming wife. Dominique accepts from romantic love, tries to pretend to herself, and then to Luc, that she is just playing, and finally can't conceal her heartbreak. So that here the "cynicism" is imbued with self-irony. It is an exquisitely confident little story, and in the end touching; but it is at least 90 per cent. heroine. As for the sad, blasé, distinguished Luc—implausibly introduced as "the great traveller," and often said to be looking tired—he is as much a dream of romance as Mr. Rochester, only so washed-out.

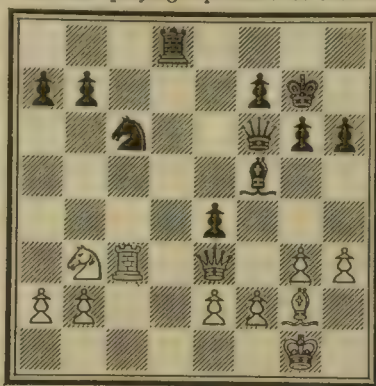
In "The Mestizo," by Bill Parks (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), we have another complete change—to the wide spaces of Arizona in 1889. This tale of gold among the hills, and arms-running across the border to insurgent Indians, is a loose-knit, episodic little story, with the air of a small film serial. But it has its special charm: a feeling for the *genius loci*, which colours everything. There is the wonderful little glimpse of a man trapped in a hole with a large rattler, making his last, hour-long bid for rescue by tossing a shining half-dollar into the air.

In "The Man in the Net," by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), John Hamilton has retired from New York to Stoneville, partly to paint, and partly for his wife's sake. Linda is a psychopath and secret drinker; but with his help, she has been able to put herself over on the locals as a sweet and devoted wife, given exclusively to tomato juice. When she "disappears" in glaringly doubtful circumstances, it is too late for John to correct this error, and he has to flee into the woods to avoid being lynched. He owes his escape and comeback to a group of children. And the whole business has that ingeniously desperate yet sufficiently human quality for which Mr. Quentin stands alone.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Scandinavian champion, twenty-year-old Bent Larsen, was the revelation of the recent international team tournament in Moscow. Of the eighteen games he played, he won eleven, drew six, lost only one, his final percentage of 78 being higher than that attained by any other top-board player including even Botvinnik, the world champion. It is particularly pleasant to us to note that his one defeat was suffered at the hands of our old friend W. A. Fairhurst playing top board for Scotland.

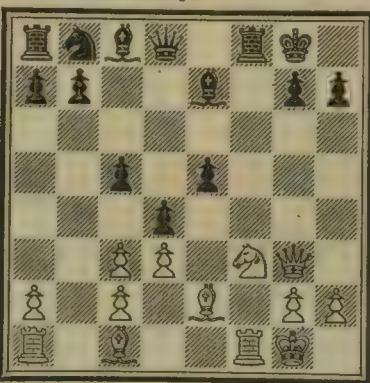


Fairhurst (Black) had already established a shade of advantage in the position diagrammed. Only a shade, for his advanced king's pawn whilst cramping White's pieces to some extent, could easily become an object of attack and a liability. With his next move, however, he sets the Dane a host of problems.

22... Kt-Kt5!
The main threat is 23... Kt-Q4; another is (e.g., if 23. Q-B7 or 23. Q-B5) 23... Kt x P.
23. Q x RP R-Q8ch 25. R-B4?
24. K-R2 Kt-Q4
To play 25. R-B7, e.g., 25... R x R; 26. Kt x R, Q x P; 27. Q-B5 was already his only chance.
25... P-Kt3!

Blocking the White queen's diagonal of retreat and so eliminating the defensive resource of our last note; and also threatening 26... B x P!! followed by 27... Q x BP with fatal effect.

26. Q-R4 B-Q2! White resigns
For after 27. Q x B, Q x BP there is no coping with the manifold threats (27... Q-Kt8 mate, 27... R-Kt8, 27... Kt-K6, etc.).
Another British triumph:



P. S. Milner-Barry (White against Hanninen of Finland) here played

12. B-R6! B-B3 14. Q x B R-B3
13. Kt x P! B x Kt
Not 14... P x B; 15. R x Rch, Q x R; 16. R-KB7, Q-Q1; 17. B-B3 followed by R-Q5ch.
15. B x P! R-K3
After 15... K x B?, 16. Q-Kt5ch wins.
16. Q-R5 Q-K2 20. R-B8ch Q x R
17. B-R6 Kt-Q2 21. B x Q K x B
18. B-K4 R-K4 22. Q x P Resigns
19. Q-R3 Kt-Kt3

FROM PERSIA TO S. AMERICA: ANIMAL AND TRAVEL BOOKS.

ANY book which naturally falls open on an enchanting colour photograph with the caption: "The sloth wore an expression of ineffable sadness on its furry face," starts, for me, with a prejudice in its favour. This is only one, however, of the many delightful (and occasionally horrifying) illustrations, both in colour and black-and-white, in "Zoo Quest to Guiana," by David Attenborough (Lutterworth; 18s.). I happen to have had the pleasure of looking in on some of Mr. Attenborough's "telecasts" (if that is the correct barbarous word) and was delighted with them at the time. Mr. Attenborough proves in this book that he can write as pleasingly as when he addresses a wider audience on the television screen. This is the story of the joint B.B.C.-

London Zoo expedition that went to British Guiana, both to film (which presumably was the B.B.C.'s interest in the matter) and also, as Mr. Attenborough says, to bring back to this country "some of the strangest, some of the loveliest, and some of the most horrifying animals in the world." It was a journey which was evidently as exciting as it was dampedly exhausting. Being highly allergic to wet heat (I know of no climate in the world less agreeable than that, say, of Lagos—though connoisseurs assure me that they can huff Lagos with Singapore) the hotter and wetter parts of Latin-America have never stirred my imagination. Nevertheless, Mr. Attenborough makes his steamy jungle sound almost inviting. There is his picture of its denizens: "There can be few creatures more improbable than the sloth which spends its life in a permanent state of mute slow motion, hanging upside down in the tall forest trees; few more bizarre than the giant anteater of the Savannas with its absurdly disproportionate anatomy, its tail enlarged into a shaggy banner and its jaws elongated into a curved and toothless tube. On the other hand, beautiful birds are so common as to become almost unremarkable: gaudy macaws flap through the forest, their splendid plumage contrasting incongruously with their harsh maniac cries; and humming birds, like tiny jewels, flit from flower to flower sipping nectar, their iridescent feathers flashing the colours of the rainbow as they fly." Mr. Attenborough evidently shares the same affection for the sloth as I do, and some of the most charming pictures in the book are of this admirable animal, which defies all the so-called values of the modern world. Here we have stories of the cannibal fish that will destroy any living thing which falls into its waters; of vampire bats and manatees, and the story of the "anaconda that got away," i.e., the huge half-ton snake which they could not afford to buy for the Zoo. Not the least interesting is Mr. Attenborough's description (with photographs) of the cliff with its painting, which by comparison with the cave paintings of the Dordogne and elsewhere, shows that there is nothing new under the prehistoric sun. As I say, Mr. Attenborough writes as well as he telecasts, and his delineation of the minor characters in his tale, such as Lord Lucifer and the Great Smasher—the negroid guides—is masterly and attractive.

The late Mr. Louis Bromfield was for so long famous as a writer about animals that his many admirers will be distressed, as I am, that "Animals and Other People" (Cassell; 18s.) must be his last book. The book takes its title from the remark made by one of his daughters apropos his farm at Malabar: "the trouble about the animals on this farm is that they all think they are people." Louis Bromfield in these charming pages sets out to prove that, in fact, she was almost right. There were so many animals at Malabar, and all of them he invests, not with a false anthropomorphism but with the human affection of an animal lover. He reserves his principal love for his boxers—a breed at the same time the ugliest but most adenioidally affectionate of all dogs. All animal lovers will read this book with justified enthusiasm.

Of all the Middle-Eastern countries (with the exception of Palestine) Persia for me is pre-eminent. The attraction of Teheran is as great as it is difficult to define. Madame Marie Thérèse Ullens de Schooten has, however, successfully tried her hand at this definition in "Lords of the Mountains" (Chatto and Windus; 18s.). Apart from her description of Teheran and Isfahan, Mme. Ullens de Schooten is dealing with a part of Persia which I do not personally know, but which it is my ambition one day to visit. After reading this book, that wish has become a determination.

Much of it deals with the tribes of the Kashkai, one of the hardest and most remarkable of the Persian nomadic clans. Her photographic illustrations, in colour and black-and-white, are all of rare beauty and interest. The Middle-Eastern nomads live much the same kind of patriarchal life as did the ancient Israelites in the time of Abraham. According to M. Maurice Moyal, something of the Old Testament life is still lived by the hero of "On the Road to Pastures New" (Phoenix House; 21s.). Every year M. Jean Chemin drives his flock of some 2000 sheep and goats from the plains of Southern France to the Alpine pastures 200 miles away and 8000 ft. higher. M. Moyal hit on the happy idea of accompanying him on this journey with a photographer—with entirely happy results. A most unusual book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE AUSTIN A.105.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

INTRODUCED only a few months ago, the Austin A.105 has quickly established a reputation for performance at moderate cost. It is modelled on the *Westminster* saloon and has the 2.6-litre 6-cylinder engine of 79.4 mm. bore and 89 mm. stroke, the actual capacity being 2639 c.c.

With a compression ratio of 8.25 to 1 and two S.U. carburettors, this engine develops 102 b.h.p. at 4600 r.p.m., an output which gives a sparkling performance to what is, after all, a family saloon. The four-door, four-light body is of all-steel, stressed-skin, integral construction serving as a chassis as well. It gives very comfortable seating for four, both front and rear seats having side and folding armrests, but with the armrests folded five or even six can be accommodated.

Nothing has been scamped in the interior. Seat cushions are of moulded foam rubber trimmed with hide and give good support to the occupants' backs. Long journeys do not induce a feeling of fatigue. Ventilation is well taken care of and each door window has a swivelling panel.

From the driver's point of view the A.105 is an easy car to control. The seat has a useful range of adjustment, the position of the large diameter steering wheel is just right, the pedals are well placed and the gear lever is within reach of the left fingertips. The wheel carries a half-ring horn switch, instruments have easily read dials and are grouped in front of the driver, and the various switches are plainly marked both by day and by night by illuminated indicator buttons beneath them.

Visibility is excellent, both for the driver and his passengers, through the wide curved screen and rear window. The side lamps are wing mounted and shine on small chromium-plated projections, so that at night there is no doubt that they are functioning. A screen washer ensures that visibility can always be maintained.

A feature of the transmission is that it includes the Borg-Warner overdrive with a pull-out manual control which allows it to be used or to be locked out. Its action when in use is automatic—that is, at a speed over 30 m.p.h. it cuts in when the accelerator is eased, but fully depressing or "kicking down" the accelerator cuts it out. Moreover, it operates in this manner on both top and third gears. There is a slight lag in its engagement which the driver must allow for, and this lag is more pronounced if the driver wishes to change from direct third to overdrive third.

Actually, the ratio of overdrive third, 4.12 to 1, is practically identical with that of direct top, 4.10 to 1, so that the driver can use

either according to road conditions and his own preference. The gear change lever is spring-loaded upwards for third and top, and as the spring action is quite pronounced it is possible, until one becomes used to this, that one may inadvertently change to top instead of second.

When overdrive is in use it cuts out automatically when the road speed falls to about 26 m.p.h. and a free-wheel comes into play. Gear changes to lower ratios can then be made without using the clutch, which simplifies traffic driving.

It is, of course, in high-speed cruising that the overdrive shows to advantage, its 2.87 to 1 overall ratio reducing engine r.p.m. by 30 per cent., and therefore wear and tear and also noise. The effect on fuel consumption is decidedly beneficial, making an overall figure of 30 m.p.g. possible as against about 22 m.p.g. with the overdrive locked out, both figures being at a reasonable average speed without having constant recourse to the indirect ratios.

It is in such a way that most drivers will treat the A.105, for despite its high compression ratio the engine is very flexible. On the lower gears its acceleration is above the average; indeed, some care is then necessary with the throttle on a wet road because of the power developed. On direct top its acceleration is still good, but naturally on the high overdrive gear it is less impressive.

On give-and-take British main roads speeds in the eighties can be reached surprisingly often, and there is another 10 m.p.h. or so in reserve when sufficient length of straight is available. The overdrive top ratio gives a slightly lower maximum. On third gear 70 m.p.h. is possible, while second gear takes the car well into the forties.

The brakes are adequate for this lively performance without calling for heavy pressures on the pedal. Steering is light and accurate, with slight understeer, and the car handles well with very little roll if cornered fast, there being an anti-roll bar at the rear. The rear suspension is on the firm side, but not to a degree which is uncomfortable. Altogether the A.105 is no mean performer. It allows a high average to be put up without conscious effort, but at the same time it is perfectly docile and just as good mannered whatever may be the driver's mood. It is also well turned out and very fully equipped.

In addition to the items already mentioned, there are two fog lamps, with switches placed close together on the lower edge of the fascia, stainless steel discs which cover the entire wheels, white side-wall tyres, sun visors, lock-up glove-box, and useful parcel shelf. There are also, of course, heater and demister, and door locks, both front doors being key operated, while the rear doors are locked by pushing forward the door handles. A safety device is an additional lock by turning the escutcheons of the rear door handles.

In the tail locker there are 14 cub. ft. of luggage space and the spare wheel is housed in a tray beneath it. This tray is lowered by inserting the starting handle through a slot in the locker floor and then turning it anti-clockwise.

Main dimensions of the A.105 are: wheelbase 8 ft. 7½ ins., track 4 ft. 3½ ins., overall length 14 ft. 2½ ins., width 5 ft. 4 ins. It is not, therefore, a very large car in spite of its roomy interior, in which the passengers sit within the wheelbase.

MOTORING NOTES

The Berkeley Two-Seater. During September an interesting new small car was announced, the Berkeley. This is an open two-seater manufactured by the well-known caravan builders Berkeley (Sales and Export) Ltd., of Biggleswade, Beds, and its principal dimensions are: wheelbase 5 ft. 10 ins., track 3 ft. 8 ins., weight 5½ cwt., overall length 10 ft. 3 ins., width 4 ft. 2 ins., height 3 ft. 5½ ins.

Features of its design are a moulded stressed-skin body shell of fibre-glass reinforced plastics, an air-cooled two-stroke twin-cylinder engine, front-wheel drive, and independent suspension for both front and rear wheels. The body shell consists of three main units, which have aluminium pressings moulded into them for strengthening purposes during manufacture. Basis of the structure is a platform unit, to which the front

unit consisting of scuttle, bonnet and wings, and the rear unit consisting of tail and wings, are bolted.

The power unit is the British Anzani vertical twin of 60 mm. bore by 57 mm. stroke (322 c.c.) developing 15 b.h.p. at 5000 r.p.m. This is mounted transversely ahead of the front wheels, and an enclosed chain transmits power to a three-plate clutch and Albion motor-cycle gear-box, giving three forward ratios and reverse, whence a chain drives to a spur gear differential. Half-shafts with Hardy Spicer universal joints at each end take the power to the front wheels, which are carried on unequal length wishbones, the springing medium being Girling suspension units. Similar suspension units are used for the rear wheels, which are carried by triangulated tubular members.

Steering is through Burman worm and nut, and the Girling hydraulic brakes have 7-in. drums.

Thanks to its light weight the Berkeley's performance is much livelier than one would expect from such a small engine. But what is even more important is its good road-holding and first-class braking. One does not expect a two-stroke engine to be very flexible, but the Anzani unit pulls evenly in top gear at 10–11 m.p.h. Fuel consumption is between 50 and 60 m.p.g. according to how the car is driven. Its price is £575, including purchase tax.

To-morrow, Sunday, November 4, the R.A.C.'s Commemoration Run for Veteran Cars from London to Brighton starts at 7.30 a.m. from Hyde Park Corner. This will be the diamond jubilee event and record crowds are expected along the main London-Brighton road.



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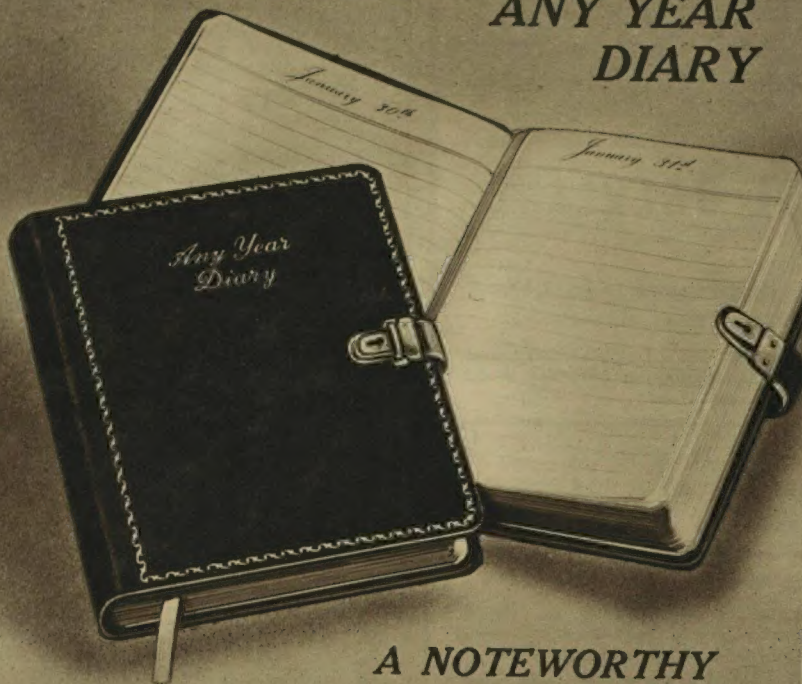
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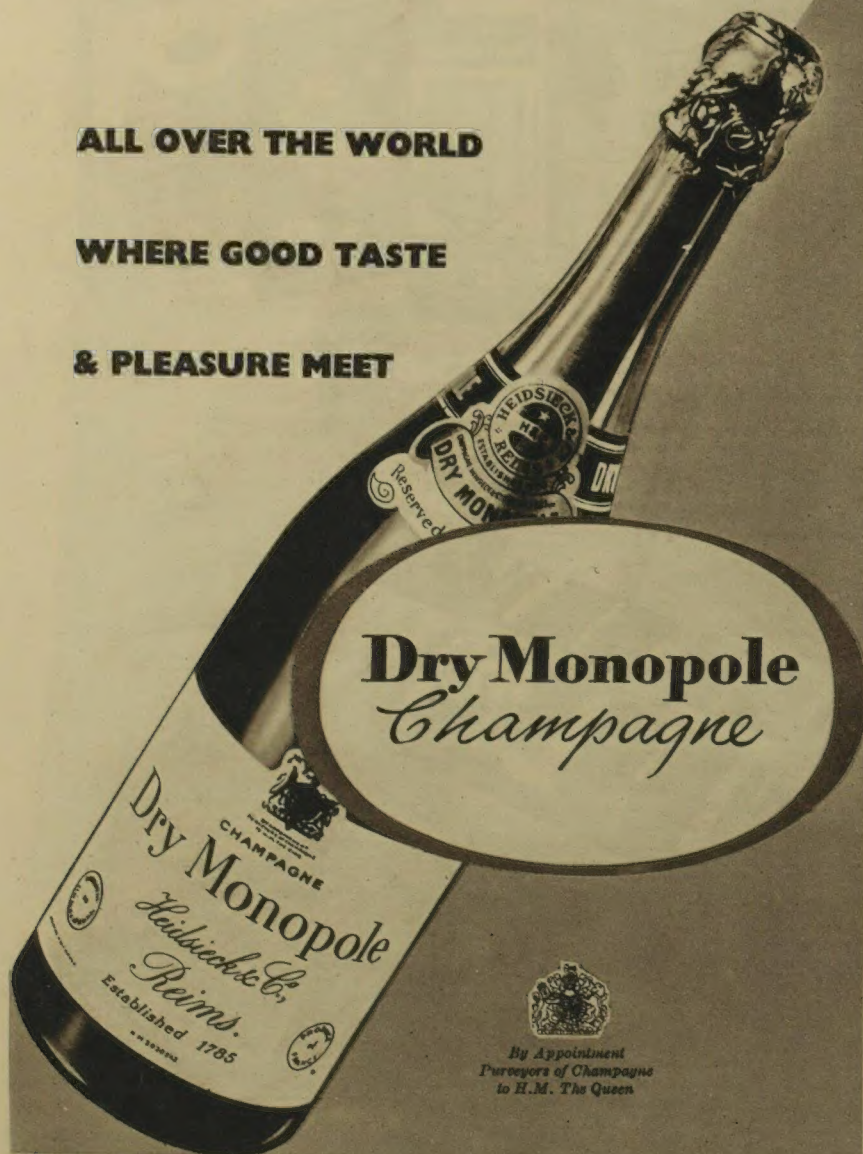
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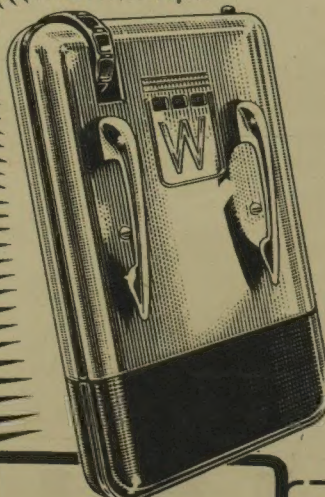
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